MILTON
A Poem in 2 Books
The Author & Printer
William Blake
To Justify the Ways of God to Men

Daughters of Beulah! Muses who inspire the Poets Song
Record the journey of immortal Milton thro' your Realms
Of terror & mild moony lustre, in soft sexual delusions
Of varied beauty, to delight the wanderer and repose
His burning thirst & freezing hunger! Come into my hand
By your mild power; descending down the Nerves of my right arm
From out the Portals of my Brain, where by your ministry
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine, planted his Paradise
And in it caused the Spectres of the Dead to take sweet forms
In likeness of himself. Tell also of the False Tongue! vegetated
Beneath your land of shadows; of its sacrifices, and
Its offerings; even till Jesus, the image of the Invisible God
Became its prey; a curse, an offering, and an atonement,
For Death Eternal, in the heavens of Albion, & before the Gates
Of Jerusalem his Emanation, in the heavens beneath Beulah

Say first! what moved Milton, who walked about in Eternity
One hundred years, pondering the intricate mazes of Providence
Unhappy tho in heavn, he obeyd, he murmurd not, he was silent
Viewing his Sixfold Emanation scatterd thro' the deep
In torment: To go into the deep her to redeem & himself perish:
What cause at length moved Milton to this unexampled deed
A Bards prophetic Song! for sitting at eternal tables,
Terrific among the Sons of Albion in chorus solemn & loud
A Bard broke forth: all sat attentive to the awful man.

Mark well my words! they are of your eternal salvation:

Three Classes are Created by the Hammer of Los, & Woven

By Enitharmons Looms when Albion was slain upon his Mountains
And in his Tent, thro envy of Living Form, even of the Divine Vision
And of the sports of Wisdom in the Human Imagination
Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever.
Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation:

Urizen lay in darkness & solitude, in chains of the mind lockd up
Los siezd his Hammer & Tongs; he labourd at his resolute Anvil
Among indefinite Druid rocks & snows of doubt & reasoning.

Refusing all Definite Form, the Abstract Horror roard, stony hard:
And a first Age passed over & a State of dismal woe:

Down sunk with fright a red round Globe hot burning, deep
Deep down into the Abyss, panting: conglobing: trembling
And a second Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Rolling round into two little Orbs & closed in two Little Caves
The Eyes beheld the Abyss: lest bones of soludness freeze over all
And a third Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

From beneath his Orbs of Vision, Two Ears in close volutions
Shot spiring out in the deep darkness & petrified as they grew
And a fourth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

Hanging upon the wind, Two Nostrils bent down into the Deep
And a fifth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

In ghastly torment sick, a Tongue of hunger & thirst flamed out
And a sixth Age passed over & a State of dismal woe.

Enraged & stifled without & within: in terror & woe he threw his
Right Arm to the north, his left Arm to the south & his Feet
Stampd the nether Abyss in trembling & howling & dismay
And a seventh Age passed over & a State of dismal woe

Terrified Los stood in the Abyss & his immortal limbs
Grew deadly pale: he became what he beheld: for a red
Round Globe sunk down from his Bosom into the Deep in pangs
He hoverd over it trembling & weeping, suspended it shook
The nether Abyss in tremblings, he wept over it, he cherishd it
In deadly sickening pain: till separated into a Female pale
As the cloud that brings the snow: all the while from his Back
A blue fluid exuded in Sinews hardening in the Abyss
Till it separated into a Male Form howling in Jealousy

Within labouring, beholding Without: from Particulars to Generals
Subduing his Spectre, they Builded the Looms of Generation
They Builded Great Golgonooza, Times on Times Ages on Ages
First Orc was Born then the Shadowy Female: then All Loss Family
At last Enitharmon brought forth Satan Refusing Form, in vain
The Miller of Eternity made subservient to the Great Harvest
That he may go to his own Place Prince of the Starry Wheels

Beneath the Plow of Rintrah & the Harrow of the Almighty
In the hands of Palamabron. Where the Starry Mills of Satan
Are built beneath the Earth & Waters of the Mundane Shell
Here the Three Classes of Men take their Sexual texture Woven
The Sexual is Threefold: the Human is Fourfold.

If you account it Wisdom when you are angry to be silent. and
Not to shew it: I do not account that Wisdom but Folly.
Every Mans Wisdom is peculiar to his own Individuality
O Satan my youngest born. art thou not Prince of the Starry Hosts
And of the Wheels of Heaven. to turn the Mills day & night.
Art thou not Newtons Pantocrator weaving the Woof of Locke
To Mortals thy Mills seem every thing & the Harrow of Shaddai
A scheme of Human conduct invisible & incomprehensible
Get to thy Labours at the Mills & leave me to my wrath.

Satan was going to reply. but Los rolld his loud thunders.

Anger me not! thou canst not drive the Harrow in pitys paths.
Thy Work is Eternal Death. with Mills & Ovens & Cauldrons.
Trouble me no more. thou canst not have Eternal Life

So Los spoke! Satan trembling obeyd weeping along the way.
Mark well my words, they are of your eternal Salvation

Between South Molton Street & Stratford Place: Calvarys foot
Where the Victims were preparing for Sacrifice their Cherubim
Around their loins pourd forth their arrows & their bosoms bear
With all colours of precious stones, & their inmost palaces
Resounded with preparation of animals wild & tame
(Mark well my words: Corporeal Friends
are Spiritual Enemies)
Mocking Druidical Mathematical
Proportion of Length Breadth Height
Displaying Naked Beauty: with Flute &
Harp & Song:

Palamabron with the fiery Harrow in morning returning
From breathing fields. Satan fainted beneath the artillery
Christ took on Sin in the Virgins Womb. & put off on the Cross
All pitied the piteous & was wrath with the wrathful & Los
heard it.

And this is the manner of the Daughters of Albion in their beau
Every one is threefold in Head & Heart & Reins & every one
Has three Gates into the Three Heavens of Beulah which shine
Translucent in their Foreheads & their Bosoms & their Loins
Surrounded with fires unapproachable: but whom they please
They take up into their Heavens in intoxicating delight
For the Elect cannot be Redeemd, but Created continually
By Offering & Atonement in the cruelties of Moral Law
Hence the three Classes of Men take their fixd destinations
They are the Two Contraries & the Reasoning Negative.

While the Females prepare the Victims, the Males at Furnaces
And Anvils dance the dance of tears & pain, loud lightnings
Lash on their limbs as they turn the whirlwinds loose upon
The Furnaces, lamenting around the Anvils & this their Song

Ah weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form
Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground
The Eye of Man a little narrow orb closd up & dark
Scarcely beholding the great light conversing with the Void
The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out
All melodies & comprehending only Discord and Harmony
The Tongue a little moisture fills, a little food it slays
A little sound it utters & its cries are faintly heard
Then brings forth Moral Virtue the cruel Virgin Babylon

Can such an Eye judge of the stars? & looking thro its tubes
Measure the Sunless rays that point their spears on Udanadan
Can such an Ear filld with the vapours of the yawning pit
Judge of the pure melodious harp struck by a hand divine?
Can such closed Nostrils feel a joy? or tell of autumn fruits
When grapes & figs burst their covering to the joyful air
Can such a Tongue boast of the living waters? or take in
Ought but the Vegetable Ratio & loathe the faint delight
Can such grosS Lips perceive? alas! folded within themselves
They touch not aught but pallid turn & tremble at every wind

Thus they sing Creating the Three Classes among Druid Rocks
Urthona calls on Mutton for Atonement. Cromwell is ready
James calls for fires in Golgonooza. for heaps of smoking ruins

In the night of prosperity and
wantonness which he himself
Created
among the Daughters of Albion
among the Rocks of the Druids
When Satan fainted beneath the
arrows of Eternity
And Mathematic Proportion was Subdued
by Living Proportion

From Golgonooza the spiritual Four-fold London eternal
In immense labours & sorrows ever building, ever falling.
Thro Albions four Forests which overspread all the Earth.
From London Stone to Blackheath east; to Hounslow west:
To Finchley north; to Norwood south: and the weights
Of Enitharmons Loom play lulling cadences on the
winds of Albion
From Cuthness in the north. to Lizard-point & Dover in the south

Loud sounds the Hammer of Los. & loud his Bellows is heard
Before London to Hampsteads breadths & Highgates heights To
Stratford & old Bow: & across to the Gardens of Kensington
On Tyburns Brook: loud groans Thames beneath the iron Forge
Of Rintrah & Palamabron of Theotorm & Bromion. to
forge the instruments
Of Harvest: the Plow & Harrow to pass over the Nations

The Surrey hills glow like the dinkers of the furnace: Lambeths Vale
Where Jerusalems foundations began: where they were laid in ruins
Where they were laid in ruins from every Nation & Oak Groves rooted
Dark gleams before the Furnace-mouth a heap of burning ashes
When shall Jerusalem return & overspread all the Nations
Return: return to Lambeths Vale O building of human souls
Thence stony Druid Temples overspread the Island white
And thence from Jerusalems ruins.. from her walls of salvation
And praise: thro the whole Earth were reard from Ireland
To Mexico & Peru west, & east to China & Japan: till Babel
The Spectre of Albion frownd over the Nations in glory & war
All things begin & end in Albions ancient Druid roc-ky shore
But now the Starry Heavens are fled
from the mighty limbs of
Albion

armon

Loud sounds the Hammer of Los, loud turn the Wheels of Enith-
Her Looms vibrate with soft affections: weaving the Web of Life
Out from the ashes of the Dead; Los lifts his iron Ladles
With molten ore the heaves the iron cliffs in his rattling chains
From Hyde Park to the Alms-houses of Mile-end & old Bow
Here the Three Classes of Mortal Men take their fixd destinations
And hence they overspread the Nations of the whole Earth & hence
The Web of Life is woven: & the tender sinews of life created
And the Three Classes of Men regulated by Los's Hammer.

The first. The Elect from before the foundation of the World;
The second. The Redeemd. The Third. The Reprobate & Lorund
To destruction from the mothers womb:

follow with me my plow:

Of the first class was Satan: with incomparable mildness:
His primitive tyrannical attempts on Los: with most endearing love
He soft intreated Los to give to him Palamabrons station:
For Palamabron returnd with labour wearied every evening
Palamabron oft refusd and as often Satan offerd
His service till by repeated offers and repeated intreaties
Los gave to him the Harrow of the Almighty: alas blamable
Palamabron feard to be angry lest Satan should accuse him of
Ingratitude. & Los believe the accusation thro Satans extreme
Mildness. Satan labourd all day. it was a thousand years
In the evening returning terrified overlabourd & astonishd
Embracd soft with a brothers tears Palamabron. who also wept

Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation

Next morning Palamabron rose: the horses of the Harrow
Were maddend with tormenting fury, & the servants of the Harrow
The Gnomes, accusd Satan. with indignation fury and fire.
Then Palamabron reddening like the Moon in an eclipse.
Spake saying, You know Satans mildness and his self-imposition.
Seeming a brother, being a tyrant, even thinking himself a brother
While he is murdering the just: prophetic I behold
His future course thro' darkness and despair to eternal death
But we must not be tyrants also: he hath assumd my place
For one whole day. under pretence of pity and love to me:
My horses hath he maddend; and my fellow servants injurd:
How should he he know the duties of another? O foolish forbearance
Would I had told Los all my heart! but patience O my friends.
All may be well: silent remain. while I call Los and Satan.

Loud as the wind of Beulah that unroots the rocks & hills
Palamabron callid; and Los & Satan came before him
And Palamabron shewd the horses & the servants. Satan wept;
And mildly cursing Palamabron. him accusd of crimes
Himself had wrought. Los trembled; Satans blandishments almost
Perswaded the Prophet of Eternity that Palamabron
Was Satans enamy. & that the Gnomes being Palamabrons friends
Were leagued together against Satan thro' ancient enmity.
What could Los do? how could he judge. when Satans self believd
That he had not opprest the horses of the Harrow, nor the servants

So Los said, Henceforth Palamabron. let each his own station
Keep: nor in pity false. nor in officious brotherhood. where
None needs. be active. Mean time Palamabrons horses.
Ragd with thick flames redundant, & the Harrow maddend with fury.
Trembling Palamabron stood. the strongest of Demons trembled:
Curbing his living creatures; many of the strongest Gnomes.
They bit in their wild fury, who also maddend like wildest beasts

Mark well my words; they are of your eternal salvation

Mean while wept Satan before Los. accusing Palamabron;
Himself exculpating with mildest speech. for himself believd
That he had not opressd nor injurd the refractory servants.

But Satan returning to his Mills (for Palamabron had servd
The Mills of Satan as the easier task) found all confusion;
And back returnd to Los. not filld with vengeance but with tears.
Himself convincd of Palamabrons turpitude. Los beheld
The servants of the Mills drunken with wine and dancing wild
With shouts and Palamabrons songs, rending the forests green
With ecchoing confusion. tho' the Sun was risen on high.

Then Los took off his left sandal placing it on his head
Signal of solemn mourning: when the servants of the Mills
Beheld the signal they in silence stood. tho' drunk with wine.
Los wept! Bitt Rintrah also came, and Enitharmon on
His arm leand tremblingly observing all these things.

And Los said. Ye Genii of the Mills: the Sun is on high
Your labours call you. Palamabron is also in said dilemma;
His horses are mad: his Harrow confounded! his companions enragd
Mine is the fault, I should have remember'd that pity divides the Soul
And man, unmans: follow with me my Plow. this mournful day
Must be a blank in Nature: follow with me, and tomorrow again
Resume your labours, & this day shall be a mournful day.

Wildly they follow'd Los and Rintrah, & the Mills were silent
They mournd all day this mournful day of Satan & Palamabron;
And all the Elect & all the Redeemd mournd one toward another
Upon the mountains of Albion among the cliffs of the Dead.

They Plow'd in tears! incessant pourd Jehovahs rain. & Molechs
Thick fires contending with the rain, thunderd above rolling
Terrible over their heads; Satan wept over Palamabron
Theotormon & Bromion contended on the side of Satan
Paying his youth and beauty: trembling at eternal death:
Michael contended against Satan in the rolling thunder
Thulloh the friend of Satan also reprovd him: faint their reproof.

But Rintrah who is of the reprobate: of those formd to destruction
In indignation. for Satans salt dissimulation of friendship;
Plowd above all the plowed furrows, angry red and furious.
Till Michael sat down in the furrow weary dissolvd in tears
Satan who drave the team beside him, stood angry & red
He smote Thulloh & slew him, & he stood terrible over Michael
Urging him to arise: he wept: Enitharmon saw his tears
But Los hid Thulloh from her sight, lest she should die of grief
She wept: she trembled! she kissed Satan; she wept over Michael
She formd a Space for Satan & Michael &, for the poor infected
Trembling she wept over the Space, & closd it with a tender Moon
Los secret buried Thulloh, weeping disconsolate over the moony Space

But Palamabron called down a Great Solemn Assembly,
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compelled
Defend a Lie, that he may be snared & caught & taken

And all Eden descended into Palamabrons tent
Among Albions Druids & Bards, in the caves beneath Albions
Death Couch, in the caverns of death, in the corner of the Atlantic.
And in the midst of the Great Assembly Palamabron prayd:
O God protect me from my friends, that they have not power over me
Thou hast givn me power to protect myself from my bitterest enemies.

Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation

Then rose the Two Witnesses, Rintrah & Palamabron:
And Palamabron appeald to all Eden, and recievd
Judgment: and Lo: it fell on Rintrah and his rage:
Which now flamd high & furious in Satan against Palamabron
Till it became a proverb in Eden. Satan is among the Reprobate.

Los in his wrath cursd heaven & earth, he rent up Nations
Standing on Albions rocks among high-reard Druid temples
Which reach the stars of heaven & stretch from pole to pole.
He displacd continents, the oceans fled before his face
He alterd the poles of the world, east, west & north & south
But he closd up Entharmon from the sight of all these things

For Satan flaming with Rintrahs fury hidden beneath his own mildness
Accusd Palamabron before the Assembly of ingratitude, of malice:
He created Seven deadly Sins drawing out his infernal scroll,
Of Moral laws and cruel punishments upon the clouds of Jehovah
To pervert the Divine voice in its entrance to the earth
With thunder of war & trumpets sound, with armies of disease
Punishments & deaths musterd & numberd: Saying I am God alone
There is no other: let all obey my principles of moral individuality
I have brought them from the uppermost innermost recesses
Of my Eternal Mind, transgressors I will rend off for ever.
As now I rend this accursed Family from my covering.

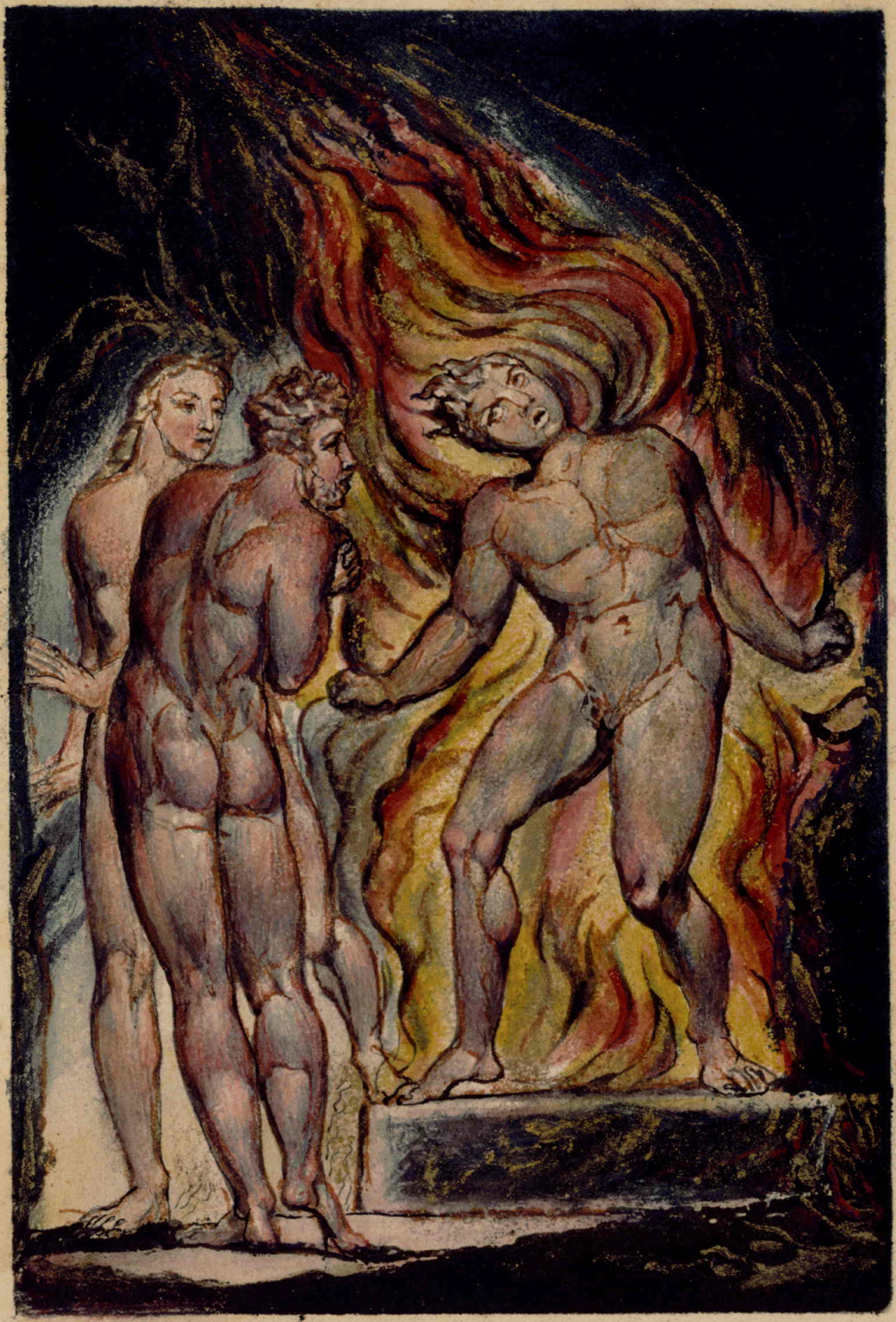
Thus Satan ragd amidst the Assembly: and his bosom grew
Opake against the Divine Vision; the paved terraces of
His bosom inwards shone with fires, but the stones becoming opake:
Hid him from sight, in an extreme blackness and darkness,
And there a World of deeper Hell was opend in the midst
Of the Assembly. In Satans bosom a vast unfathomable Abyss.

Astonishment held the Assembly in an awful silence: and tears
Fell down as dews of night. & a loud solemn universal groan
Was utterd from the east & from the west & from the South
And from the north; and Satan stood opake immeasurable
Covering the east with solid blackness, round his hidden heart
With thunders utterd from his hidden wheels: accusing loud
The Divine Mercy for protecting Palamabron in his tent.

Rintrah reard up walls of rocks and pourd rivers & moats
Of fire round the walls: columns of fire guard around
Between Satan and Palamabron in the terrible darkness.

And Satan not having the Science of Wrath, but only of Pity:
Rent them asunder, and wrath was left to wrath, & pity to pity.
He sunk down a dreadful Death, unlike the slumbers of Beulah

The Separation was terrible: the Dead was reposd on his Couch
Beneath the Couch of Albion, on the seven mountains of Rome
In the whole place of the Covering Cherub. Rome Babylon & Tyre.
His Spectre raging furious descended into its Space



Then Los & Enitharmon knew that Satan is Urizen
Drawn down by Orc & the Shadowy Female into Generation
Oft Enitharmon enterd weeping into the Space. there appearing
An aged Woman raving along the Streets (the Space is named
Canaan) then she returnd to Los weary frighted as from dreams
The nature of a Female Space is this: it shrinks the Organs
Of Life till they become Finite & Itself seems Infinite ...

And Satan vibrated in the immensity of the Space: Limited
To those without but Infinite to those within: it fell down and
Became Canaan: closing Los from Eternity in Albions Cliffs
A mighty Fiend against the Divine Humanity mustring to War
Satan, Ah me! is gone to his own place, said Los, their God
I will not worship in their Churches. nor King in their Theatres
Elynittria: whence is this Jealousy running along the mountains
British Women were not Jealous when Greek & Roman were Jealous
Every thing in Eternity shines by its own Internal light: but thou
Darkenest every Internal light with the arrows of thy quiver
Bound up in the horns of Jealousy to a deadly fading Moon
And Ocalythron binds the Sun into a Jealous Globe
That every thing is fixd Opake without Internal light
So Los lamented over Satan. who triumphant
... divided the Nations

He set his face against Jerusalem to destroy the Sons of Albion

But Los hid Enitharmon from the sight of all these things
Upon the Thames whose lulling harmony reposid her soul:
Where Beulah lovely terminates in rocky Albion:
Terminating in Hyde Park, on Tyburns awful brook

And the Mills of Satan were separated into a moony Space
Among the rocks of Albions Temples, and Satans Druid sons
Offer the Human Victims throughout all the Earth, and Albions
Dread Tomb immortal on his Rock, overshadowd the whole Earth:
Where Satan making to himself Laws from his own identity,
Compelld others to serve him in moral gratitude & submission
Being calld God; setting himself above all that is called God
And all the Spectres of the Dead calling themselves Sons of God
In his Synagogues worship Satan under the Unutterable Name

And it was enquird; Why in a Great Solemn Assembly
The Innocent should be condemnd for the Guilty? Then an Eternal rose

Saying. If the Guilty should be condemnd, he must be an Eternal Death
And one must die for another throughout all Eternity.
Satan is falln from his station & never can be redeemd
But must be new Created continually moment by moment
And therefore the Cluds of Satan shall be calld the Elect, & those
Of Rintrah, the Reprobate, & those of Palamabron the Redeemd
For he is redeemd from Satans Law, the wrath falling on Rintrah:
And therefore Palamabron dared not to call a solemn Assembly
Till Satan had alsumd Rintrahs wrath in the day of mourning
In a feminine delusion of false pride self-decievd

So spake the Eternal and confirmd it with a thunderous oath

But when Leutha {a Daughter of Beulah} beheld Satans condemna-tion
She down descended into the midst of the Great Solemn Assembly
Offering herself a Ransom for Satan, taking on her, his Sin

Mark well my words, they are of your eternal salvation:

And Leutha stood glowing with varying colours immortal, heart-pier-cing
And lovely; & her moth-like elegance shone over the Assembly

At length standing upon the golden floor of Palamabron
She spoke: I am the Author of this Sin: by my suggestion
My Parent power Satan has committed this transgression
I loved Palamabron & I sought to approach his Tent.
But beautiful Elynittria with her silver arrows repelld me.
For

For her light is terrible to me. I fade before her immortal beauty.
O wherefore doth a Dragon-form forth issue from my limbs
To sieze her new born son! Ah me! the wretched Leutha!
This to prevent. entering the doors of Satans brain night after night
Like sweet perfumes, I stupified the masculine perceptions
And kept only the feminine awake. hence rose, his soft
Delusory love to Palamabron; admiration joind with envy
Cupidity unconquerable! my fault, when at noon of day
The Horses of Palamabron call'd for rest and pleasant death:
I sprang out of the breast of Satan. over the Harrow beaming
In all my beauty: that I might unloose the flaming steeds
As Elynittria used to do: but too well those living creatures
Knew that I was not Elynittria. and they brake the traces
But me, the servants of the Harrow saw not: but as a bow
Of varying colours on the hills; terribly rug'd the horses.
Satan astonishd. and with power above his own controll.
Compell'd the Gnomes to curb the horses, & to throw banks of sand
Around the fiery flaming Harrow in labyrinthine forms.
And brooks between to intersect the meadows in their course.
The Harrow cast thick flames: Jehovah thunderd above;
Chaos & ancient night fled from beneath the fiery Harrow:
The Harrow cast thick flames & orb'd us round in concave fires
A Hell of our own making. see, its flames still gird me round
Jehovah thunder'd above: Satan in pride of heart
Drove the fierce Harrow among the constellations of Jehovah
Drawing a third part in the fires as stubble north & south
To devour Albion and Jerusalem the Emanation of Albion
Driving the Harrow in Pitys paths. twas then, with our dark fires
Which now gird round us (O eternal torment) I form'd the Serpent
Of precious stones & gold turn'd poisons on the sultry wastes
The Gnomes in all that day spar'd not: they curs'd Satan bitterly.
To do unkind things in kindness! with power arm'd. to say
The most irritating things in the midst of tears and love
These are the stings of the Serpent! thus did we by them; till thus
They in return retaliated, and the Living Creatures maddend.
The Gnomes labourd. I weeping hid in Satans inmost brain:
But when the Gnomes refus'd to labour more, with blandishments
I came forth from the head of Satan; back the Gnomes recoil'd.
And call'd me Sin, and for a sign portentous held me. Soon
Day sunk and Palamabron return'd, trembling I hid myself.
In Satans inmost Palace of his nerveus fine wrought Brain:
For Elynittria met Satan with all her singing women.
Terrific in their joy & pouring wine of wildest power
They gave Satan their wine: indignant at the burning wrath.
Wild with prophetic fury his former life became like a dream
Clothd in the Serpents folds. in selfish holinels demanding purity
Being most impure, self-condemnd to eternal tears, he drove
Me from his inmost Brain & the doors clos'd with thunders sound
O Divine Vision who didst create the Female: to repose
The Sleepers of Beulah, pity the repentant Leutha, My

Sick

Sick Cruch bears the dark shades of Eternal Death infolding
The Spectre of Satan. he furious refuses to repose in sleep
I humbly bow in all my Sin before the Throne Divine,
Not so the Sick-one, Alas what shall be done him to restore,
Who calls the Individual Law, Holy: and despises the Saviour.
Glorying to involve Albions Body in fires of eternal War.

Now Leutha ceasd: tears flowd: but the Divine Pity supported her.
All is my fault: We are the Spectre of Luvah the murderer
Of Albion: O Vala! O Luvah! O Albion! O lovely Jerusalem.
The Sin was begun in Eternity, and will not rest to Eternity
Till two Eternitys meet together, Ah! lost! lost! lost! for ever!

So Leutha spoke. But when she saw that Enitharmon had
Created a New Space to protect Satan from punishment:
She fled to Enithurmons Tent & hid herself. Loud raging
Thunderd the Assembly dark & clouded, and they rattlid
The kind decision of Enitharmon & gave a Time to the Space,
Even Six Thousand years: and sent Lucifer for its Guard.
But Lucifer refusd to die & in pride he forsook his charge
And they elected Molech, and when Molech was impatient
The Divine hand found the Two Limits: first of Opacity, then of Contraction
Opacity was named Satan, Contraction was named Adam.
Triple Elohim came: Elohim wearied fainted: they elected Shaddai.
Shaddai angry. Pahad descended: Pahad terrified: they sent Jehovah
And Jehovah was leprous: loud he calld. stretching his hand to Eternity
For then the Body of Death was perfected in hypocritic holiness,
Around the Lamb, a Female Tabernacle woven in Cathedrons Looms
He died as a Reprobate, he was Punishd as a Transgressor:
Glory! Glory! Glory! to the Holy Lamb of God.
I touch the heavens as an instrument to glorify the Lord!

The Elect shall meet the Redeemd. on Albions rocks they shall meet
Astonishd at the Transgressor, in him beholding the Saviour.
And the Elect shall say to the Redeemd. We behold it is of Divine
Mercy alone! of Free Gift and Election that we live.
Our Virtues & Cruel Goodnesses, have deservd Eternal Death.
Thus they weep upon the fatal Brook of Albions River.

But Elynittria met Leutha in the place where she was hidden
And threw aside her arrows, and laid down her sounding Bow.
She soothd her with soft words & brought her to Palamabrons bed
In moments new created for delusion interwoven round about.
In dreams she bore the shadowy Spectre of Sleep, & named him Death.
In dreams she bore Rahab the mother of Tirzah & her sisters
In Lumbeths vales: in Cambridge & in Oxford, places of Thought
Intricate labyrinths of Times and Spaces unknown, that Leutha lived
In Palamabrons Tent, and Oothoon was her charming guard.

The Bard ceasd. All consider'd and a loud resounding murmur
Continued round the Halls: and much they questiond the immortal
Loud voiced Bard, and many condemnd the high toned Song
Saying Pity and Love are too venerable for the imputation
Of Guilt. Others said. If it is true, if the acts have been performd
Let the Bard himself witness. Where hadst thou this terrible Song

The Bard replied. I am Inspired! I know it is Truth! for I Sing

According to the inspiration of the Poetic Genius
Who is the eternal all-protecting Divine Humanity
To whom be Glory & Power & Dominion Evermore Amen

Then there was great murmuring in the Heavens of Albion
Concerning Generation & the Vegetative power & concerning
The Lamb the Saviour: Albion Exampled to Italy Greece & Egypt
To Tartary & Hindostan & China & to Great America
Shaking the roots & first Foundations of the Earth in doubtfulness
The loud voiced Bard terrified took refuge in Miltons bosom

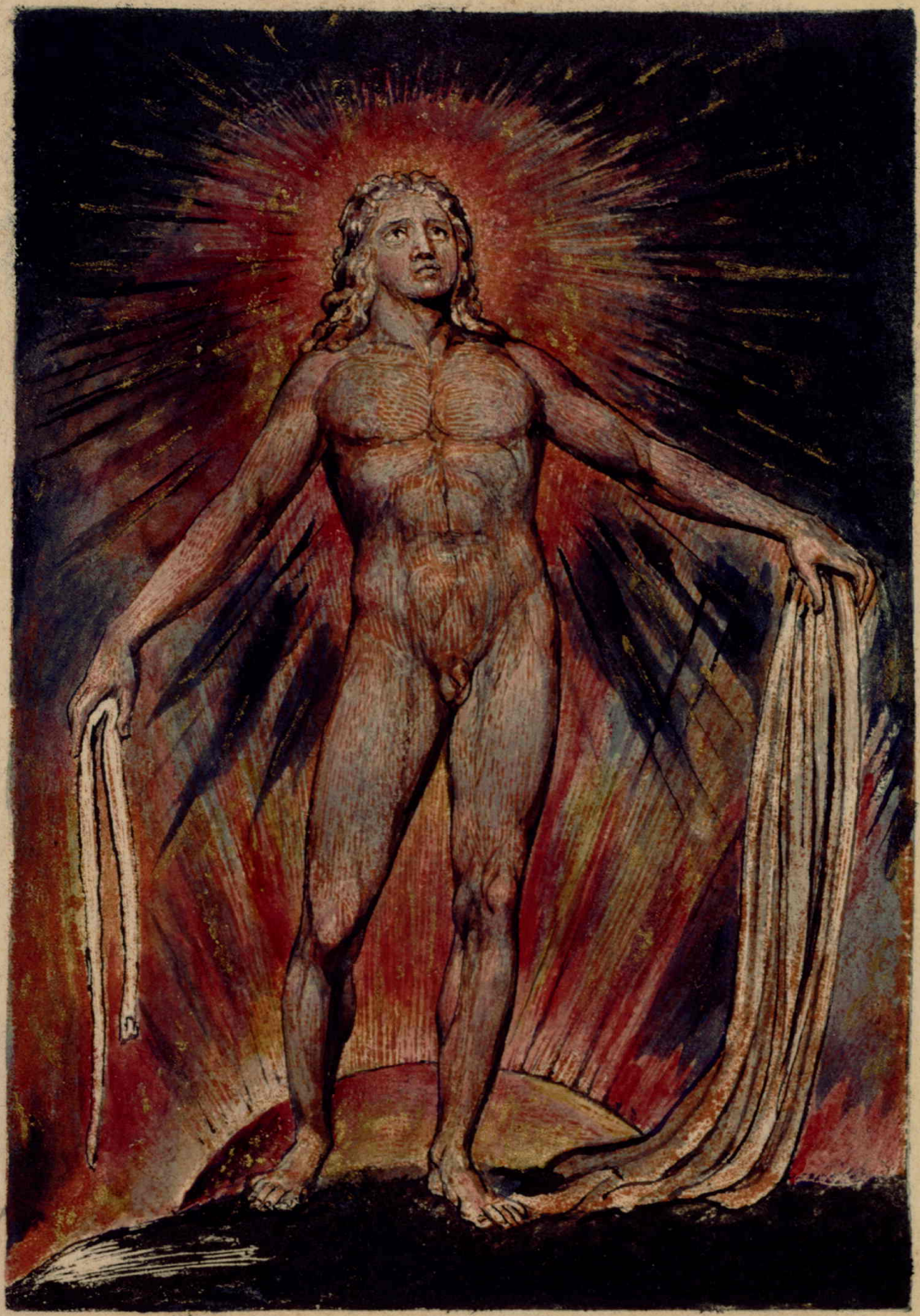
Then Milton rose up from the heavens of Albion ardorous:
The whole Assembly wept / Prophetic, seeing in Miltons face
And in his lineaments divine the shades of Death & Ulro
He took off the robe of the promise. & ungirded himself from
the oath of God

And Milton said. I go to Eternal Death! The Nations still
Follow after the detestable Gods of Priam: in pomp
Of warlike selfhood, contradicting and blaspheming.
When will the Resurrection come: to deliver the sleeping body
From corruptability: O when Lord Jesus wilt thou come:
Tarry no longer: for my soul lies at the gates of death.
I will arise and look forth for the morning of the grave.
I will go down to the sepulcher to see if morning breaks!
I will go down to self annihilation and eternal death,
Lest the Last Judgment come & find me unannihilate.
And I be siezd & given into the hands of my own Selfhood.
The Lamb of God is seen thro' mists & shadows, hovring
Over the sepulchers in clouds of Jehovah & winds of Elohim
A disk of blood, distant: & heavns & earths roll dark between
What do I here before the Judgment? without my Emanation:
With the daughters of memory, & not with the daughters of inspiration
I in my Selfhood am that Satan: I am that Evil One!
He is my Spectre! in my obedience to loose him from my Hells
To claim the Hells, my Furnaces. I go to Eternal Death.

And Milton said. I go to Eternal Death: Eternity shudderd
For he took the outside course among the graves of the dead
A mournful shade, Eternity shudderd at the image of eternal death

Then on the verge of Beulah he beheld his own Shadow:
A mournful form double: hermaphroditic: male & female
In one wonderful body, and he entered into it
In direful pain for the dread shadow, twenty-seven fold
Reachd to the depths of direst Hell, & thence to Albions land:
Which is this earth of vegetation on which now I write.

The Seven Angels of the Presence wept over Miltons Shadow



As when a man dreams, he reflects not that his body sleeps.
Else he would wake; so seemd he entering his Shadow: but
With him the Spirits of the Seven Angels of the Presence
Entering; they gave him still perceptions of his Sleeping Body:
Which now arose and walkd with them in Eden, as an Eternal
Image Divine tho' darkend; and tho walking as one walks
In sleep: and the Seven comforted and supported him.

Like as a Polypus that vegetates beneath the deep:
They saw his Shadow vegetated underneath the Couch
Of death: for when he entered into his Shadow: Himself:
His real and immortal Self: was as appeard to those
Who dwell in immortality, as One sleeping on a couch
Of gold: and those in immortality gave forth their Emanations
Like Females of sweet beauty, to guard round him & to feed
His lips with food of Eden in his cold and dim repose.
But to himself he seemd a wanderer lost in dreary night.

Onwards his Shadow kept its course among the Spectres: calld
Satan, but swift as lightning passing them, startled the Shades
Of Hell beheld him in a trail of light as of a comet
That travels into Chaos: so Milton went guarded within.

The nature of infinity is this! That every thing has its
Own Vortex; and when once a traveller thro Eternity
Has passd that Vortex, he perceives it roll backward behind
His path, into a globe itself infolding; like a Sun:
Or like a moon, or like a universe of starry majesty.
While he keeps onwards in his wondrous journey on the earth
Or like a human form, a friend with whom he liv'd benevolent
As the eye of man views both the east & west encompassing
Its vortex: and the north & south, with all their starry hosts:
Also the rising sun & setting moon he views surrounding
His corn-fields and his valleys of five hundred acres square.
Thus is the earth one infinite plane, and not as apparent
To the weak traveller confind beneath the mortal shade.
Thus is the heaven a vortex passd already, and the earth
A vortex not yet passd by the traveller thro' Eternity.

First Milton saw Albion upon the Rock of Ages.
Deadly pale outstretchd and snowy cold, storm coverd:
A Giant form of perfect beauty outstretchd on the rock
In solemn death. the Sea of Time & Space thunderd aloud
Against the rock, which was inwrapped with the weeds of death
Hovering over the cold bosom. in its vortex Milton bent down
To the bosom of death. what was underneath soon seemd above.
A cloudy heaven mingled with stormy seas in loudest ruin:
But as a wintry globe descends precipitant thro Beulah bursting
With thunders loud and terrible: so Miltons shadow fell.
Precipitant loud thundring into the Sea of Time & Space.

Then first I saw him in the Zenith as a falling star:
Descending perpendicular, swift as the swallow or swift:
And as my left foot falling on the tarsus, entered there:
But from my left foot a black cloud redounding spread over Europe.

Then Milton knew that the Three Heavens of Beulah were beheld
By him on earth in his bright pilgrimage of sixty years

To Annihilate the Self-
hood of Deceit &
False Forgiveness

Daughters

In those three Females whom his Wives, & those three whom his
Had represented and containd, that they might be resumd
By giving up of Selfhood: & they distant vivid his journey
In their eternal spheres, now Human, tho' their Bodies remain clos'd
In the dark Ulro till the Judgment: also Milton knew: they and
Himself was Human, tho' now wandering thro Death's Vale
In conflict with those Female forms, which in blood & jealousy
Surrounded him, dividing & uniting without end or number.

He saw the Cruelties of Ulro, and he wrote them down
In iron tablets: and his Wives & Daughters names were these
Rahab and Tirzah, & Milcah & Maluh & Noah & Hoglah.
They sat rangd round him as the rocks of Horeb round the land
Of Canaan: and they wrote in thunder smoke and fire
His dictate: and his body was the Rock Sinai: that birthy,
Which was on earth born to corruption: & the six Females
Are Hor & Peor & Bashan & Abarim & Lebanon & Hermon
Seven rocky masses terrible in the Deserts of Midian.

But Miltons Human Shadow continud journeying above
The rocky masses of The Mundane Shell: in the Lands
Of Edom & Aram & Moab & Midian & Amalek.

The Mundane Shell, is a vast Concave Earth: an immense
Hardend shadow of all things upon our Vegetated Earth
Enlargd into dimension & deformd into indefinite space
In Twenty-seven Heavens and all their Hells: with Chaos
And Ancient Night, & Purgatory. It is a cavernous Earth
Of labyrinthine intricacy twenty-seven-folds of opakerels
And finishes where the lark mounts: here Milton journeyed
In that Region calld Midian, among the Rocks of Horeb
For travellers from Eternity, pass outward to Satans seat
But travellers to Eternity, pass inward to Golgonooza.

Los the Vehicular terror beheld him, & divine Enitharmon
Calld all her daughters, Saying, Surely to unloose my bond
Is this Man come: Satan shall be unbosd upon Albion

Los heard in terror Enitharmons words: in fibrous strength
His limbs shot forth like roots of trees against the forward path
Of Miltons journey. Urizen beheld the immortal Man.

And

And Thurmas Demon of the Waters. & Orc. who is Luvah

The Shadowy Female seeing Milton. howld in her lamentation
Over the Deeps. outstretching her Twenty seven Heavens over Albion
And thus the Shadowy Female howls in articulate howlings

I will lament over Milton in the lamentations of the afflicted
My Garments shall be woven of Sighs & heart broken lamentations
The misery of unhappy Families shall be drawn out into its border
Wrought with the needle with dire sufferings poverty pain & woe
Along the rocky Island & thence throughout the whole Earth
There shall be the Sick Father & his starving Family: there
The Prisoner in the stone Dungeon & the Slave at the Mill
I will have Writings written all over it in Human Words
That every Infant that is born upon the Earth shall read
And get by rote as a hard task of a life of sixty years
I will have Kings inwoven upon it. & Councellors & Mighty Men
The Famine shall clasp it together with buckles & Clasps
And the Pestulence shall be its fringe & the War its girdle
To divide into Rahab & Tirzah that Milton may come to our tents
For I will put on the Human Form & take the Image of God
Even Pity & Humanity but my Clothing shall be Cruelty
And I will put on Holiness as a breastplate & as a helmet
And all my ornaments shall be of the gold of broken hearts
And the precious stones of anxiety & care & desperation & death
And repentance for sin & sorrow & punishment & fear
To defend me from thy terrors O Orc! my only beloved:

Orc answerd. Take not the Human Form O loveliest. Take not
Terror upon thee! Behold how I am & tremble lest thou also
Consume in my Consummation; but thou maist take a Form
Female & lovely, that cannot consume in Mans consummation
Wherefore dost thou Create & Weave this Satan for a Covering
When thou attemptest to put on the Human Form. my wrath
Burns to the top of heaven against thee in Jealousy & fear.
Then I rend thee asunder: then I howl over thy clay & ashes
When wilt thou put on the Female Form as in times of old
With a Garment of Pity & Compassion like the Garment of God
His garments are long sufferings for the Children of Men
Jerusalem is his Garment & not thy Covering Cherub O lovely
Shadow of my delight who wanderest seeking for the prey

So spoke Orc when Oothoon & Leutha hoverd over his Couch
Of fire in interchange of Beauty & Perfection in the darkness
Opening interiorly into Jerusalem & Babylon shining glorious
In the Shadowy Females bosom. Jealous her darkness grew
Howlings filld all the desolate places in accusations of Sin
In Female beauty shining in the unformd void & Orc in vain
Stretchd out his hands of fire. & wooed: they triumph in his pain

Thus darkend the Shadowy Female tenfold & Orc tenfold
Glowd on his rocky Couch against the darkness: loud thunders
Told of the enormous conflict Earthquake beneath: around
Rent the Immortal Females. limb from limb & joint from joint
And moved the fast foundations of the Earth to wake the Dead
Urizen emerged from his Rocky Form & from his Snows

And he also darkend his brows: freezing dark rocks between
The footsteps. and infixing deep the feet in marble beds:
That Milton labourd with his journey. & his feet bled sore
Upon the clay now changd to marble: also Urizen rose.
And met him on the shores of Arnon: & by the streams of the brooks

Silent they met. and silent strove among the streams of Arnon
Even to Mahanaim, when with cold hand Urizen stoopd down
And took up water from the river Jordan: pouring on
To Miltons' brain the icy fluid from his broad cold palm.
But Milton took of the red clay of Succoth. moulding it with care
Between his palms; and filling up the furrows of many years
Beginning at the feet of Urizen, and on the bones
Creating new flesh on the Demon cold. and building him,
As with new clay a Human form in the Valley of Beth Peor

Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic
One to the North. named Urthona: One to the South. named Urizen:
One to the East. named Luvah: One to the West. named Tharmas
They are the Four Zoa's that stood around the Throne Divine:
But when Luvah assumd the World of Urizen to the South:
And Albion was slain upon his mountains. & in his tent:
All fell towards the Center in dire ruin, sinking down.
And in the South remains a burning fire: in the East a void
In the West, a world of raging waters; in the North a solid
Unfathomable: without end. But in the midst of these.
Is built eternally the Universe of Los and Enitharmon:
Towards which Milton went, but Urizen opposd his path.

The Man and Demon strove many periods. Rahab beheld
Standing on Carmel: Rahab and Tirzah trembled to behold
The enormous strife. one giving life, the other giving death
To his adversary. and they sent forth all their sons & daughters
In all their beauty to entice Milton across the river.

The Twofold form Hermaphroditic: and the Double-sexed:
The Female-male & the Male-female, self-dividing stood
Before him in their beauty, & in cruelties of holiness:
Shining in darkness, glorious upon the deeps of Entuthon.

Saying. Come thou to Ephraim! behold the Kings of Canaan!
The beautiful Amalekites, behold the fires of Youth
Bound with the Chain of Jealousy by Los & Enitharmon:
The banks of Cam: cold fearnings streams: Londons dark frowning towers:
Lament upon the winds of Europe in Rephaims Vale.
Because Ahania rent apart into a desolate night.
Laments: & Enion wanders like a weeping inarticulate voice
And Vala labours for her bread & water among the Furnaces
Therefore bright Tirzah triumphs: putting on all beauty:
And all perfection. in her cruel sports among the Victims.
Come bring with thee Jerusalem with songs on the Grecian Lyre!
In Natural Religion: in experiments on Men.
Let her be Offerd up to Holiness: Tirzah numbers her:
She numbers with her fingers every fibre ere it grow:
Where is the Lamb of God" where is the promise of his coming!
Her shadowy Sisters form the bones. even the bones of Horeb:
Around the marrow: and the orbed scull around the brain:
His Images are born for War! for Sacrifice to Tirzah!
To Natural Religion, to Tirzah the Daughter of Rahab the Holy!
She ties the knot of nervous fibres, into a white brain.
She ties the knot of bloody veins, into a red hot heart.
Within her bosom Albion lies embalmd. never to awake
Hand is become a rock: Sinai & Horeb. is Hyle & Coban.
Scofield is bound in iron armour before Reubens Gate:
She ties the knot of milky seed into two lovely Heavens.

Two yet but one; each in the other sweet reflected; these
Ere our Three Heavens beneath the shades of Beulah, land of rest;
Come then to Ephraim & Manasseh O beloved-one!
Come to my ivory palaces O beloved of thy mother!
And let us bind thee in the bands of War & be thou King
Of Canaan and reign in Hazor where the Twelve Tribes meet:

So spoke they as in one voice: Silent Milton stood before
The darkend Urizen; as the sculptor silent stands before
His forming image: he walks round it patient labouring.
Thus Milton stood forming bright Urizen, while his Mortal part
Sat frozen in the rock of Horeb: and his Redeemed portion.
Thus formid the Clay of Urizen; but within that portion
His real Human walkd above in power and majesty
Tho darkend; and the Seven Angels of the Presence attended him.

O how can I with my gross tongue that cleaveth to the dust.
Tell of the Fourfold Man, in Starry numbers fitly orderd
Or how can I with my cold hand of clay: But thou O Lord
Do with me as thou wilt! for I am nothing, and vanity:
If thou chuse to elect a worm, it shall remove the mountains.
For that portion namd the Elect: the Spectrous body of Milton:
Redounding from my left foot into Los's Mundane space,
Brooded over his Body in Horeb against the Resurrection
Preparing it for the Great Consummation; veil the Cherub on Sinai
Glowd; but in terrors folded round his clouds of blood.

Now Albions sleeping Humanity began to turn upon his Couch:
Feeling the electric flame of Miltons awful precipitate descent.
Seest thou the little winged fly, smaller than a grain of sand?
It has a heart like thee; a brain open to heaven & hell,
Withinside wondrous & expansive; its gates are not closd,
I hope thine are not: hence it clothes itself in rich array:
Hence thou art clothd with human beauty O thou mortal man.
Seek not thy heavenly father then beyond the skies:
There Chaos dwells & ancient Night & Og & Anak old:
For every human heart has gates of brass & bars of adamant,
Which few dare unbar because dread Og & Anak guard the gates
Terrific! and each mortal brain is walld and moated round
Within: and Og & Anak watch here; here is the Seat
Of Satan in its Webs; for in brain and heart and loins
Gates open behind Satans Seat to the City of Golgonooza
Which is the spiritual fourfold London, in the loins of Albion

Thus Milton fell thro Albions heart travelling outside of Humanity
Beyond the Stars in Chaos in Caverns of the Mundane Shell.

But many of the Eternals rose up from eternal tables
Drunk with the Spirit, burning round the Couch of death they stood
Looking down into Beulah: wrathful, filld with rage;
They rend the heavens round the Watchers in a fiery circle:
And round the Shadowy Eighth: the Eight close up the Couch
Into a tabernacle, and flee with cries down to the Deeps:
Where Los opens his three wide gates, surrounded by raging fires;
They soon find their own place & join the Watchers of the Ulro.

Los saw them and a cold pale horror coverd o'er his limbs
Pondering he knew that Rintrah & Palamabron might depart:
Even as Reuben & as Gad; gave up himself to tears.
He sat down on his anvil-stock: and leand upon the trough.
Looking into the black water, mingling it with tears.

At last when desperation almost tore his heart in twain
He recollected an old Prophecy in Eden recorded,
And often sung to the loud harp at the immortal feasts
That Milton of the Land of Albion should up ascend
Forwards from Ulro from the Vale of Felphams: and set free
Orc from his Chain of Jealousy, he started at the thought

And

And down descended into Udan-Adan: it was night:
And Satan sat sleeping upon his Couch in Udan Adan:
His Spectre slept, his Shadow woke: when one sleeps the other wakes

But Milton entering my Foot: I saw in the nether
Regions of the Imagination; also all men on Earth
And all in Heaven saw in the nether regions of the Imagination
In Ulro beneath Beulah, the vast breach of Miltons descent.
But I knew not that it was Milton, for man cannot know
What passes in his members till periods of Space & Time
Reveal the secrets of Eternity: for more extensive
Than any other earthly things, are Mans earthly lineaments.
And all this Vegetable World appeard on my left Foot,
As a bright sculptur'd formd immortal of precious stones & gold:
I stooped down & bound it on to walk forward thro' Eternity.

There is in Eden a sweet River of milk & liquid pearl,
Named Ololon: on whose mild banks dwelt those who Milton drove
Down into Ulro: and they wept in long resounding song
For seven days of eternity, and the rivers living banks
The mountains wail'd: & every plant that grew, in solemn syghs lamented.

When Luvahs bulls each morning drag the sulphur Sun out of the Deep
Harnessed with starry harness black & shining kept by black slaves
That work all night at the starry harness. Strong and vigorous
They drag the unwilling Orb: at this time all the Family
Of Eden heard the lamentation, and Providence began.
But when the clarions of day sounded they drownd the lamentations
And when night came all was silent in Ololon: & all refus'd to lament
In the still night fearing lest they should others molest.

Seven mornings Los heard them, as the poor bird within the shell
Hears its impatient parent bird: and Enitharmon heard them:
But saw them not, for the blue Mundane Shell inclosd them in.
And they lamented that they had in wrath & fury & fire
Driven Milton into the Ulro; for now they knew too late
That it was Milton the Awakener: they had not heard the Bard,
Whose song call'd Milton to the attempt; and Los heard these laments.
He heard them call in prayer all the Divine Family:
And he beheld the Cloud of Milton stretching over Europe.

But all the Family Divine collected as Four Suns
In the Four Points of heaven East, West & North & South
Enlarging and enlarging till their Disks approachd each other:
And when they touchd closed together Southward in One Sun
Over Ololon: and as One Man, who weeps over his brother
In a dark tomb, so all the Family Divine, wept over Ololon.

Saying, Milton goes to Eternal Death! so saying, they groand in spirit
And were troubled! and again the Divine Family groaned in spirit:

And Ololon said, Let us descend also, and let us give
Ourselves to death in Ulro among the Transgressors,
Is Virtue a Punisher? O no! how is this wondrous thing!
This World beneath, unseen before; this refuge from the wars
Of Great Eternity! unnatural refuge! unknown by us till now:
Or are these the pangs of repentance! let us enter into them

Then the Divine Family said, Six Thousand Years are now
Accomplishd in this World of Sorrow: Miltons Angel knew
The Universal Dictate: and you also feel this Dictate.
And now you know this World of Sorrow, and feel Pity. Obey
The Dictate! Watch over this World, and with your brooding wings,
Renew it to Eternal Life: Lo! I am with you alway
But you cannot renew Milton he goes to Eternal Death

So spake the Family Divine as One Man even Jesus
Uniting in One with Ololon & the appearance of One Man
Jesus the Saviour appeard coming in the Clouds of Ololon:

Tho driven away with the Seven Starry Ones into the Ulro
Yet the Divine Vision remains Every-where For-ever. Amen.
And Ololon lamented for Milton with a great Lamentation.

While Los heard indistinct in fear, what time I bound my sandals
On: to walk forward thro' Eternity, Los descended to me:
And Los behind me stood: a terrible flaming Sun: just close
Behind my back: I turned round in terror, and behold,
Los stood in that fierce glowing fire: & he also stoopd down
And bound my sandals on in Udan-Adan: trembling I stood
Exceedingly with fear & terror, standing in the Vale
Of Lambeth: but he kissed me and wishd me health.
And I became One Man with him arising in my strength:
Twas too late now to recede. Los had enterd into my soul:
His terrors now possesd me whole: I arose in fury & strength.

I am that Shadowy Prophet who Six Thousand Years ago
Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. Six Thousand Years
Are finishd. I return! both Time & Space obey my will.
I in Six Thousand Years walk up and down: for not one Moment
Of Time is lost, nor one Event of Space unpermanent
But all remain: every fabric of Six Thousand Years
Remains permanent: tho' on the Earth where Satan
Fell, and was cut off all things vanish & are seen no more
They vanish not from me & mine, we guard them first & last
The generations of men run on in the tide of Time
But leave their destind lineaments permanent for ever & ever.
So spoke Los as we went along to his supreme abode

Rintrah and Palamabron met us at the Gate of Golgonooza
Clouded with discontent. & brooding in their minds terrible things.

They said. O Father most beloved: O merciful Parent!
Pitying and permitting evil, tho strong & mighty to destroy.
Whence is this Shadow terrible? wherefore dost thou refuse
To throw him into the Furnaces: knowest thou not that he
Will unchain Orc & let loose Satan, Og, Sihon & Anak.
Upon the Body of Albion? for this he is come: behold it written
Upon his fibrous left Foot black: most dismal to our eyes
The Shadowy Female shudders thro' heaven in torment inexpressible:
And all the Daughters of Los prophetic wail: yet in deceit
They weave a new Religion from new Jealousy of Theotormon:
Miltons Religion is the cause: there is no end to destruction:
Seeing the Churches at their Period in terror & despair:
Rahab created Voltaire; Tirzah created Rousseau:
Asserting the Self-righteousness against the Universal Saviour,
Mocking the Confessors & Martyrs, claiming Self-righteousness,
With cruel Virtue: making War upon the Lambs Redeemed:
To perpetuate War & Glory, to perpetuate the Laws of Sin:
They perverted Swedenborgs Visions in Beulah & in Ulro:
To destroy Jerusalem as a Harlot & her Sons as Reprobates;
To raise up Mystery the Virgin Harlot Mother of War.
Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation:
O Swedenborg; strongest of men, the Samson shorn by the Churches!
Shewing the Transgressors in Hell, the proud Warriors in Heaven:
Heaven as a Punisher & Hell as One under Punishment:
With Laws from Plato & his Greeks to renew the Trojan Gods.
In Albion: & to deny the value of the Saviours blood,
But then I raisd up Whitefield, Palamabron raisd up Westley.
And these are the cries of the Churches before the two Witnesses.
Faith in God the dear Saviour who took on the likeness of men:
Becoming obedient to death, even the death of the Cross
The Witnesses lie dead in the Street of the Great City
No Faith is in all the Earth: the Book of God is trodden under Foot:
He sent his two Servants Whitefield & Westley; were they Prophets
Or were they Idiots or Madmen? Shew us Miracles!

Ca

Can you have greater Miracles than these? Men who devote
Their lifes whole comfort to intire scorn & injury & death
Awake thou sleeper on the Rock of Eternity Albion awake
The trumpet of Judgment hath twice sounded: all Nations are awake
But thou art still heavy and dull: Awake Albion awake!
Lo Orc arises on the Atlantic, Lo his blood and fire
Glow on Americas shore: Albion turns upon his Couch
He listens to the sounds of War, astonishd and confounded:
He weeps into the Atlantic deep, yet still in dismal dreams
Unwakend: and the Covering Cherub advances from the East:
How long shall we lay dead in the Street of the great City
How long beneath the Covering Cherub give our Emanations
Milton will utterly consume us & thee our beloved Father
He hath entered into the Covering Cherub, becoming one with
Albions dread Sons, Hand, Hyle & Coban surround him as
A girdle: Gwendolen & Conwenna as a garment woven
Of War & Religion; let us descend & bring him chained
To Bowlahoola O father most beloved: O mild Parent!
Cruel in thy mildness, pitying and permitting evil
Tho strong and mighty to destroy, O Los our beloved Father!

Like the black storm, coming out of Chaos, beyond the stars:
It issues thro the dark & intricate caves of the Mundane Shell
Passing the planetary visions, & the well adorned Firmament
The Sun rolls into Chaos & the Stars into the Deserts:
And then the storms become visible, audible & terrible.
Covering the light of day, & rolling down upon the mountains,
Deluge all the country round. Such is a vision of Los:
When Ruthrah & Palamabron spake: and such his stormy face
Appeard, as does the face of heaven, when coverd with thick storms
Raying and loving tho in frowns of terrible perturbation

But Los dispersd the clouds even as the strong winds of Jehovah.
And Los this spoke. O noble Sons, be patient yet a little
I have embraced the falling Death, he is become One with me
O Sons we live not by wrath, by mercy alone we live!
I recollect an old Prophecy in Eden recorded in gold; and oft
Sung to the harp: That Milton of the land of Albion
Should up ascend forward from Felphams Vale & break the Chain
Of Jealousy from all its roots; be patient therefore O my Sons
These lovely Females form sweet night and silence and secret
Obscurities to hide from Satans Watch-Fiends, Human loves
And graces; lest they write them in their Books, & in the Scroll
Of mortal life, to condemn the accused: who at Satans Bar
Tremble in Spectrous Bodies continually day and night
While on the Earth they live in sorrowful Vegetations
O when shall we tread our Wine-presses in heaven; and Reap
Our wheat with shoutings of joy, and leave the Earth in peace
Remember how Calvin and Luther in fury premature
Sowd War and stern division between Papists & Protestants
Let it not be so now: O go not forth in Martyrdoms & Wars
We were placid here by the Universal Brotherhood & Mercy
With powers fitted to circumscribe this dark Satanic death
And that the Seven Eyes of God may have space for Redemption.
But how this is as yet we know not, and we cannot know:
Till Albion is arisen: then patient wait a little while,
Six Thousand years are passd away the end approaches fast:
This mighty one is come from Eden, he is of the Elect.
Who died from Earth & he is returnd before the Judgment. This thing
Was never known that one of the holy dead should willing return
Then patient wait a little while till the Last Vintage is over;
Till we have quenchd the Sun of Salah in the Lake of Udan Adan
O my dear Sons: leave not your Father, as your brethren left me
Twelve Sons successive fled away in that thousand years of sorrow

Of Palamabrons Harrow, & of Rintrahs wrath & fury:
Reuben & Manazzoth & Gad & Simeon & Levi.
And Ephraim & Judah were Generated, because
They left me, wandering with Tirzah: Enitharmon wept
One thousand years, and all the Earth was in a watry deluge
We calld him Menassheh because of the Generations of Tirzah
Because of Satan: & the Seven Eyes of God continually
Guard round them, but I the Fourth Zoa am also set
The Watchman of Eternity, the Three are not! & I am preserved
Still my four mighty ones are left to me in Golgonooza
Still Rintrah fierce, and Palamabron mild & piteous
Theotormon filld with care, Bromion loving Science
You O my Sons still guard round Los. O wander not & leave me
Rintrah, thou well remeberest when Amalek & Canaan
Filled with their Sister Moab into that abhorred Void
They became Nations in our sight beneath the hands of Tirzah.
And Palamabron thou remeberest when Joseph an infant:
Stolen from his nurses cradle wrapd in needle-work
Of emblematic texture, was sold to the Amalekite.
Who carried him down into Egypt where Ephraim & Menassheh
Gatherd my Sons together in the Sands of Midian.
And if you also flee away and leave your Fathers side.
Following Milcan into Ulro, altho your power is great
Surely you also shall become poor mortal vegetations
Beneath the Moon of Ulro: pity then your Fathers tears
When Jesus raisd Lazarus from the Grave I stood & saw
Lazarus who is the Vehicular Body of Albion the Redeemd
Arise into the Covering Cherub who is the Spectre of Albion
By martyrdoms to suffer: to watch over the Sleeping Body.
Upon his Rock beneath his Tomb. I saw the Covering Cherub
Divide Four-fold into Four Churches when Lazarus arose
Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine, Luther; behold they stand before us
Stretchd over Europe & Asia, come O Sons, come, come away
Arise O Sons give all your strength against Eternal Death
Lest we are vegetated, for Cathedrons Looms weave only Death
A Web of Death: & were it not for Bowlahoola & Allamanda
No Human Form but only a Fibrous Vegetation
A Polypus of soft affections without Thought or Vision
Must tremble in the Heavens & Earths thro all the Ulro space
Throw all the Vegetated Mortals into Bowlahoola
But as to this Elected Form who is returnd again
He is the Signal that the Last Vintage now approaches
Nor Vegetation may go on till all the Earth is reapd

So Los spoke. Furious they descended to Bowlahoola & Allamanda
Indignant, unconvinced by Loss arguments & thuners rolling
They saw that wrath now swayd & now pity absorbd him
As it was, so it remaind & no hope of an end.

Bowlahoola is namd Law, by mortals, Tharmas founded it:
Because of Satan, before Luban in the City of Golgonooza.
But Golgonooza is namd Art & Manufacture by mortal men.

In Bowlahoola Los's Anvils stand & his Furnaces rage:
Thundering the Hammers beat & the Bellows blow loud
Living self moving mourning lamenting & howling incessantly
Bowlahoola thro all its porches feels the too fast Founded
Its pillars & portacoes to tremble at the force
Of mortal or immortal arm; and softly lulling flutes
Accordant with the horrid labours make sweet melody
The Bellows are the Animal Lungs: the Hammers the Animal Heart
The Furnaces the Stomach for digestion, terrible their fury
Thousands & thousands labour: thousands play on instruments
Stringed or fluted to ameliarate the sorrows of slavery
Loud sport the dancers in the dance of death, rejoicing in carnage
The hard dehant Hammers are lulld by the flutes lula lula
The bellowing Furnaces blare by the long sounding clarion
The double drum drowns howls & groans, the shrill fife, shrieks & cries:
The crooked horn mellows the hoarse raving serpent, terrible, but harmonious.
Bowlahoola is the Stomach in every individual man.
Los is by mortals namd Time Enitharmon is namd Space
But they depict him bald & aged who is in eternal youth
All powerful, and his locks flourish like the brows of morning
He is the Spirit of Prophecy the ever apparent Elias
Time is the mercy of Eternity; without Times swiftness
Which is the swiftest of all things: all were eternal torment:
All the Gods of the Kingdoms of Earth labour in Los's Halls.
Every one is a fallen Son of the Spirit of Prophecy
He is the Fourth Zoa, that stood around the Throne Divine.

Loud shout the Sons of Luvah at the Wine-presses of Los descend
With Rintrah & Palamabron in his fires of resistless fury.
The Wine-press on the Rhine groans loud, but all its central beams
Act more terrific in the central Cities of the Nations
Where Human Thought is crushd beneath the iron hand of Power.
There Los puts all into the Press. the Opressor & the Opressed
Together, ripe for the Harvest & Vintage & ready for the Loom.

They sang at the Vintage. This is the Last Vintage! & Seed
Shall no more be sown upon Earth, till all the Vintage is over
And all gatherd in, till the Plow has passd over the Nations
And the Harrow & heavy thundering Roller upon the mountains
And loud the Souls howl round the Porches of Golgonooza
Crying O God deliver us to the Heavens or to the Earths.
That we may preach righteousness & punish the sinner with death
But Los refused, till all the Vintage of Earth was gatherd in.

And Los stood & cried to the Labourers of the Vintage in voice of awe.
Fellow Labourers! The Great Vintage & Harvest is now upon Earth
The whole extent of the Globe is explored; Every scatterd Atom
Of Human Intellect now is flocking to the sound of the Trumpet
All the Wisdom which was hidden in caves & dens, from ancient
Time: is now sought out from Animal & Vegetable & Mineral
The Awakener is come, outstretchd over Europe; the Vision of God is
The Ancient Man upon the Rock of Albion Awakes.
He listens to the sounds of War astonishd & ashamed:
He sees his Children mock at Faith and deny Providence
Therefore you must bind the Sheaves not by Nations or Families
You shall bind them in Three Classes; according to their Classes
So shall you bind them. Separating What has been Mixed
Since Man began to be Wove into Nations by Rahab & Tirzah
Since Albions Death & Satans Cutting off from our awful Fields
When under pretence to benevolence the Elect Subdud All
From the Foundation of the World. The Elect is one Class; You
Shall bind them separate; they cannot Believe in Eternal Life
Except by Miracle & a New Birth. The other two Classes;
The Reprobate who never cease to Believe, and the Redeemd,
Who live in doubts & fears perpetually tormented by the Elect
These you shall bind in a twin-bundle for the Consummation—
But the Elect must be saved fires of Eternal Death. Earth
To be formed into the Churches of Beulah that they destroy not the
For in every Nation & every Family the Three Classes are born
And in every Species of Earth, Metal, Tree, Fish, Bird & Beast.
We form the Mundane Egg, that Spectres coming by fury or amity
All is the same, & every one remains in his own energy
Go forth Reapers with rejoicing, you sowed in tears
But the time of your refreshing cometh, only a little moment
Still abstain from pleasure & rest, in the labours of eternity
And you shall Reap the whole Earth from Pole to Pole, from Sea to Sea
Beginning at Jerusalems Inner Court. Lambeth round and given
To the detestable Gods of Priam, to Apollo: and at the Asylum
Given to Hercules, who labour in Tirzahs Looms for bread
Who set pleasure against Duty; who Create Olympic crowns
To make Learning a burden & the Work of the Holy Spirit: Stride.
The Friar & cruel Odin who first reard the Polar Caves
Lambeth mourns calling Jerusalem, she weeps & looks abroad
For the Lords coming, that Jerusalem may overspread all Nations
Crave not for the mortal & perishing delights, but leave them
To the weak, and pity the weak as your infant care; Break not
Forth in your wrath lest you also are Vegetated by Tirzah
Wait till the Judgement is past, till the Creation is consumed
And then rush forward with me into the glorious Spiritual
Vegetation: the Supper of the Lamb & his Bride; and the
Awaking of Albion our friend and ancient companion.

So Los spoke. But lightnings of discontent broke on all sides round
And murmurs of thunder rolling heavy long & loud over the mountains
While Los called his Sons around him to the Harvest & the Vintage.

Thou seest the Constellations in the d p & wondrous Night
They rise in order and continue their immortal courses
Upon the mountains & in vales with harp & heavenly song
With flute & clarion; with cups & measures filld with foaming wine
Glittring the streams reflect the Vision of beatitude,
And the calm Ocean joys beneath & smooths his awful waves.

These

These are the Sons of Los, & these the Labourers of the Vintage
Thou seest the gorgeous clothed Flies that dance & sport in summer
Upon the sunny brooks & meadows: every one the dance.
Knows in its intricate mazes of delight artful to weave:
Each one to sound his instruments of music in the dance,
To touch each other & recede; to cross & change & return
These are the Children of Los; thou seest the Trees on mountains
The wind blows heavy. loud they thunder thro' the darksom sky
Uttering prophecies & speaking instructive words to the sons
Of men: There are the Sons of Los! These the Visions of Eternity
But we see only as it were the hem of their garments.
When with our vegetable eyes we view these wondrous Visions

There are Two Gates thro which all Souls descend. One Southward
From Dover Cliff to Lizard Point. the other toward the North
Caithness & rocky Durness. Pentland & John Groats House

The Souls descending to the Body. wail on the right hand
Of Los: & those delivered from the Body. on the left hand
For Los against the east his force continually bends
Along the Valleys of Middlesex from Hounslow to Blackheath
Lest those Three Heavens of Beulah should the Creation destroy
And lest they should descend before the north & south Gates
Groaning with pity. he among the wailing Souls laments.

And these the Labours of the Sons of Los in Allamanda.
And in the City of Golgonooza: & in Lubar: & around
The Lake of Udan-Adan. in the Forests of Entuthon Benython
Where Souls incessant wail. being piteous Passions & Desires
With neither lineament nor form but like to watry clouds
The Passions & Desires descend upon the hungry winds
For such alone. Sleepers remain meer passion & appetite;
The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & fields
And every Generated Body in its inward form.
Is a garden of delight & a building of magnificence.
Built by the Sons of Los in Bowlahoola & Allamanda
And the herbs & flowers & furniture & beds & chambers
Continually woven in the Looms of Entharmons Daughters
In bright Cathedrans golden Dome with care & love & tears
For the various Classes of Men are all marked out determinate
In Bowlahoola; & as the Spectres choose their affinities
So they are born on Earth, & every Class is determinate
But not by Natural but by Spiritual power alone. Because
The Natural power continually seeks & tends to Destruction
Ending in Death: which would of itself be Eternal Death
And all are Classed by Spiritual, & not by Natural power.

And every Natural Effect has a Spiritual Cause, and Not
A Natural. for a Natural Cause only seems: it is a Delusion
Of Ulro: & a ratio of the perishing Vegetable Memory.

But the Wine-press of Los is eastward of Golgonooza. before the Seat
Of Satan. Luvah laid the foundation & Urizen finishd it in howling woe.
How red the sons & daughters of Luvah: here they tread the grapes.
Laughing & shouting drunk with odours many fall overwearied
Drownd in the wine as many a youth & maiden: those around
Lay them on skins of Tygers & of the spotted Leopard & the Wild Ass
Till they revive, or bury them in cool grots, making lamentation.

This Wine-press is calld War on Earth. it is the Printing-Press
Of Los: and here he lays his words in order above the mortal brain
As cogs are formd in a wheel to turn the cogs of the adverse wheel.

Timbrels & violins sport round the Wine-presses: the little Seed:
The sportive Root, the Earth-worm, the gold Beetle: the wise Emmet:
Dance round the Wine-presses of Luvah: the Centipede is there:
The ground Spider with many eyes: the Mole clothed in velvet
The ambitious Spider in his sullen web: the lucky golden Spinner:
The Earwig armd: the tender Maggot emblem of immortality:
The Flea: Louse: Bug: the Tape-Worm: all the Armies of Disease:
Visible or invisible to the slothful vegetating Man.
The slow Slug: the Grasshopper that sings & laughs & drinks:
Winter comes, he folds his slender bones without a murmur.
The cruel Scorpion is there: the Gnat: Wasp: Hornet & the Honey Bee:
The Toad & venomous Newt: the Serpent clothd in gems & gold:
They throw off their gorgeous raiment: they rejoice with loud Jubilee
Around the Wine-presses of Luvah, naked & drunk with wine.

There is the Nettle that stings with soft down: and there
The indignant Thistle: whose bitterness is bred in his milk:
Who feeds on contempt of his neighbour: there all the idle Weeds
That creep around the obscure places, shew their various limbs
Naked in all their beauty dancing round the Wine-presses.

But in the Wine-presses the Human grapes sing not, nor dance
They howl & writhe in shoals of torment: in fierce flames consuming.
In chains of iron & in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires.
In pits & dens & shades of death: in shapes of torment & woe.
The plates & screws & wracks & saws & cords & fires & cisterns
The cruel joys of Luvahs Daughters lacerating with knives
And whips their Victims & the deadly sport of Luvahs Sons.

They dance around the dying, & they drink the howl & groan
They catch the shrieks in cups of gold, they hand them to one another
These are the sports of love, & these the sweet delights of amorous play
Tears of the grape, the death sweat of the cluster the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the lureing songs of Luvah

But Allamanda calld on Earth Commerce, is the Cultivated land
Around the City of Golgonooza in the Forests of Entuthon:
Here the Sons of Los labour against Death Eternal; through all
The Twenty-seven Heavens of Beulah in Ulro Seat of Satan.
Which is the False Tongue beneath Beulah: it is the Sense of Touch:
The Plow goes forth in tempests & lightnings & the Harrow cruel.
In blights of the east; the heavy Roller follows in howlings of woe.

Urizens sons here labour also: & here are seen the Mills
Of Theotormon, on the verge of the Lake of Udan-Adan:
These are the starry voids of night & the depths & caverns of earth
These Mills are oceans, clouds & waters ungovernable in their fury
Here are the stars created & the seeds of all things planted
And here the Sun & Moon recieve their fixed destinations.

But in Eternity the Four Arts: Poetry, Painting, Music,
And Architecture which is Science: are the Four Faces of Man.
Not so in Time & Space: there Three are shut out, and only
Science remains thro Mercy: & by means of Science, the Three
Become apparent in Time & Space, in the Three Professions

That Man may live upon Earth till the time of his awaking.
And from these Three, Science derives every Occupation of Men.
And Science is divided into Bowlahoola & Allamanda.

Some Sons of Los surround the Passions with porches of iron & silver
Creating form & beauty around the dark regions of sorrow.
Giving to airy nothing a name and a habitation
Delightful: with bounds to the Infinite putting off the Indefinite
Into most holy forms of Thought: (such is the power of inspiration
They labour incessant: with many tears & afflictions:
Creating the beautiful House for the piteous sufferer.

Others: Cabinets richly fabricate of gold & ivory:
For Doubts & fears unformd & wretched & melancholy
The little weeping Spectre stands on the threshold of Death
Eternal: and sometimes two Spectres like lamps quivering
And often malignant they combat (heart breaking sorrowful & piteous)
Antamon takes them into his beautiful flexible hands.
As the Sower takes the seed, or as the Artist his clay
Or fine wax. to mould artful a model for golden ornaments.
The soft hands of Antamon draw the indelible line:
Form immortal with golden pen: such as the Spectre admiring
Puts on the sweet form; then smiles Antamon bright thro his tendrils
The Daughters of beauty look up from their Loom & prepare.
The integument soft for its clothing with joy & delight.

But Theotormon & Sotha stand in the Gate of Luban anxious
Their numbers are seven million & seven thousand & seven hundred
They contend with the weak Spectres, they fabricate soothing forms
The Spectre refuses. he seeks cruelty. they create the crested Cock
Terrified the Spectre screams & rushes in fear into their Net
Of kindness & compassion & is born a weeping terror.
Or they create the Lion & Tyger in compassionate thunderings
Howling the Spectres flee: they take refuge in Human lineaments

The Sons of Ozoth within the Optic Nerve stand fiery glowing
And the number of his Sons is eight millions & eight.
They give delights to the man unknown: artificial riches
They give to scorn, & their posessors to trouble & sorrow & care.
Shutting the sun & moon & stars & trees & clouds & waters.
And hills. out from the Optic Nerve & hardening it into a bone
Opake. and like the black pebble on the enraged beach.
While the poor indigent is like the diamond which tho clothid
In rugged covering in the mine. is open all within
And in his hallowd center holds the heavens of bright eternity
Ozoth here builds walls of rocks against the surging sea
And timbers crampt with iron cramps bar in the joys of life
From fell destruction in the Spectrous cunning or rage. He Creates
The speckled Newt, the Spider & Beetle, the Rat & Mouse.
The Badger & Fox: they worship before his feet in trembling fear.

But others of the Sons of Los build Moments & Minutes & Hours
And Days & Months & Years & Ages & Periods: wondrous buildings
And every Moment has a Couch of gold for soft repose.
A Moment equals a pulsation of the artery
And between every two Moments stands a Daughter of Beulah
To feed the Sleepers on their Couches with manful care.
And every Minute has an azure Tent with silken Veils.
And every Hour has a bright golden Gate carved with skill.
And every Day & Night has Walls of brass & Gates of adamant.
Shining like precious stones & ornamented with appropriate signs:
And every Month, a silver paved Terrace builded high:
And every Year, invulnerable Barriers with high Towers.
And every Age is Moated deep with Bridges of silver & gold.
And every Seven Ages is Incircled with a Flaming Fire.
Now Seven Ages is amounting to Two Hundred Years
Each has its Guard, each Moment Minute Hour Day Month & Year.
All are the work of Fairy hands of the Four Elements
The Guard are Angels of Providence on duty evermore
Every Time less than a pulsation of the artery
Is equal in its period & value to Six Thousand Years.

For

For in this Period the Poets Work is Done; and all the Great
Events of Time start forth & are conceivd in such a Period
Within a Moment: a Pulsation of the Artery.

The Sky is an immortal Tent built by the Sons of Los
And every Space that a Man views around his dwelling-place.
Standing on his own roof, or in his garden on a mount
Of twenty-five cubits in height, such Space is his Universe:
And on its verge the Sun rises & sets, the Clouds bow
To meet the flat Earth & the Sea in such an ordered Space:
The Starry heavens reach no further but here bend and set
On all sides & the two Poles turn on their valves of gold:
And if he move his dwelling-place, his heavens also move
Wherefer he goes & all his Neighbourhood bewail his loss:
Such are the Spaces called Earth & such its dimension:
As to that false appearance which appears to the reasoner
As of a Globe rolling thro Voidness, it is a delusion of Ulro
The Microscope knows not of this nor the Telescope, they alter
The ratio of the Spectators Organs but leave Objects untouchd
For every Space larger than a red Globule of Mans blood
Is visionary; and is created by the Hammer of Los
And every Space smaller than a Globule of Mans blood opens
Into Eternity of which this vegetable Earth is but a shadow:
The red Globule is the unwearied Sun by Los created
To measure Time and Space to mortal Men every morning.
Bowlahoola & Allamanda are placed on each side
Of that Pulsation & that Globule, terrible their power.

But Runtrah & Pulamabron govern over Day & Night
In Allamanda & Entuthon Benython where Souls wail:
Where Orc incessant howls burning in fires of Eternal Youth.
Within the vegetated mortal Nerves: for every Man born is joined
Within into One mighty Polypus, and this Polypus is Orc.

But in the Optic vegetative Nerves Sleep was transformed
To Death in old time by Satan the father of Sin & Death
And Satan is the Spectre of Orc & Orc is the generative Luvah
But in the Nerves of the Nostrils Accident being formed
Into Substance & Principle, by the cruelties of Demonstration
It became Opake & Indefinite; but the Divine Saviour,
Formed it into a Solid by Loss Mathematic power
He named the Opake Satan: he named the Solid Adam

And in the Nerves of the Ear (for the Nerves of the Tongue are closed)
On Albions Rock Los stands creating the glorious Sun each morning
And when unwearied in the evening he creates the Moon
Death to delude, who all in terror at their splendor leaves
His prey while Los appoints & Runtrah & Pulamabron guide
The Souls clear from the Rock of Death, that Death himself may wake
In his appointed season when the ends of heaven meet.

Then Los conducts the Spirits to be Vegetated, into
Great Golgonooza, free from the four iron pillars of Satans Throne
(Temperance, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, the four pillars of tyranny)
That Satans Watch-Fiends touch them not before they Vegetate.

But Enitharmon and her Daughters take the pleasant charge,
To give them to their lovely heavens till the Great Judgment Day
Such is their lovely charge. But Ruhab & Tirzah pervert
Their mild influences, therefore the Seven Eyes of God walk round
The Three Heavens of Ulro, where Tirzah & her Sisters
Weave the black Woof of Death upon Entuthon Benython
In the Vale of Surrey where Horeb terminates in Rephaim. Gore
The stumping feet of Zelophehads Daughters are overd with Human
Upon the treddles of the Loom, they sing to the winged shuttle:
The River rises above his banks to wash the Woof:
He takes it in his arms: he pulses it in strength thro his current
The veil of human miseries is woven over the Ocean
From the Atlantic to the Great South Sea, the Erythrean.

Such is the World of Los the labour of six thousand years.
Thus Nature is a Vision of the Science of the Elohim.

End of the First Book.

WILLIAM

There is a place where Contrarieties are equally True
This place is called Beulah. It is a pleasant lovely Shadow
Where no dispute can come. Because of those who Sleep.
Into this place the Sons & Daughters of Ololon descended
With solemn mourning into Beulahs moony shades & hills
Weeping for Milton. mute wonder held the Daughters of Beulah
Entrapturd with affection sweet and mild benevolence

Beulah is evermore Created around Eternity; appearing
To the Inhabitants of Eden. around them on all sides
But Beulah to its Inhabitants appears within each district
As the beloved infant in his mothers bosom round encircled
With arms of love & pity & sweet compassion. But to
The Sons of Eden the moony habitations of Beulah,
Are from Great Eternity a mild & pleasant Rest.

And it is thus Created. Lo the Eternal Great Humanity
To whom be Glory & Dominion Evermore Amen
Walks among all his awful Family seen in every face
As the breath of the Almighty. such are the words of man to man
In the great Wars of Eternity. in fury of Poetic Inspiration
To build the Universe stupendous; Mental forms Creating

But the Emanations trembled exceedingly. nor could they
Live. because the life of Man was too exceeding unbounded
His joy became terrible to them they trembled & wept
Crying with one voice. Give us a habitation & a place
In which we may be hidden under the shadow of wings
For if we who are but for a time. & who pass away in winter
Behold these wonders of Eternity we shall consume
But you O our Fathers & Brothers. remain in Eternity
But grant us a Temporal Habitation. do you speak
To us. we will obey your words as you obey Jesus
The Eternal who is blessed for ever & ever. Amen

So spake the lovely Emanations: & there appeard a pleasant
Mild Shadow above: beneath: & on all sides round, Int

Into this pleasant Shadow all the weak & weary
Like Women & Children were taken away as on wings
Of dovelike softness, & shadowy habitations prepared for them
But every Man returnd & went still going forward thro'
The Bosom of the Father in Eternity on Eternity
Neither did any lack or fall into Error without
A Shadow to repose in all the Days of happy Eternity

Into this pleasant Shadow Beulah, all Ololon descended
And when the Daughters of Beulah heard the lamentation
All Beulah wept: for they saw the Lord coming in the Clouds
And the Shadows of Beulah terminate in rocky Albion -

And all Nations wept in affliction Family by Family
Germany wept towards France & Italy: England wept & trembled
Towards America: India rose up from his golden bed;
As one awakend in the night; they saw the Lord coming
In the Clouds of Ololon with Power & Great Glory:
And all the Living Creatures of the Four Elements, wail'd
With bitter wailing: these in the aggregate are named Satan
And Rahab: they know not of Regeneration, but only of Generation
The Fairies, Nymphs, Gnomes & Genii of the Four Elements
Unforgiving, & unalterable: these cannot be Regenerated
But must be Created, for they know only of Generation
These are the Gods of the Kingdoms of the Earth: in contrarious
And cruel opposition: Element against Element, opposed in War
Not Mental, as the Wars of Eternity, but a Corporeal Strife
In Loss Hells continual labouring in the Furnaces of Golgonooza
Orc howls on the Atlantic: Enitharmon trembles: All Beulah weeps

Thou hearest the Nightingale begin the Song of Spring:
The Lark sitting upon his earthy bed: just as the morn
Appears: listens silent: then springing from the waving Corn-field, loud
He leads the Choir of Day: trill, trill, trill, trill,
Mounting upon the wings of light into the Great Expanse,
Reechoing against the lovely blue & shining heavenly Shell:
His little throat labours with inspiration; every feather
On throat & breast & wings vibrates with the effluence Divine
All Nature listens silent to him & the awful Sun
Stands still upon the Mountain looking on this little Bird
With eyes of soft humility, & wonder love & awe.
Then loud from their green covert, all the Birds begun their Song
The Thrush, the Linnet, & the Goldfinch, Robin & the Wren
Awake the Sun from his sweet reverie upon the Mountain:
The Nightingale again assays his song & thro the day,
And thro the night warbles luxuriant; every Bird of Song
Attending his loud harmony with admiration & love.
This is a Vision of the Lamentation of Beulah over Ololon:

Thou percievest the Flowers put forth their precious Odours:
And none can tell how from so small a centre comes such sweets
Forgetting that within that Centre Eternity expands
Its ever during doors, that Og & Anak fiercely guard
First ere the morning breaks joy opens in the flowery bosoms
Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries: first the Wild Thyme
And Meadow-sweet downy & soft waving among the reeds
Light springing on the air lead the sweet Dance: they wake
The Honeysuckle sleeping on the Oak: the flaunting beauty
Revels along upon the wind: the White-thorn lovely May
Opens her many lovely eyes: listening the Rose still sleeps
None dare to wake her: soon she bursts her crimson curtained bed
And comes forth in the majesty of beauty; every Flower:
The Pink, the Jessamine, the Wall-flower, the Carnation
The Jonquil, the mild Lilly opes her heavens: every Tree,
And Flower & Herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance
Yet all in order sweet & lovely, Men are sick with Love:
Such is a Vision of the Lamentation of Beulah over Ololon.

Ani

And Milton oft sat up on the Couch of Death & oft conversed
In vision & dream beatific with the Seven Angels of the Presence

I have turned my back upon these Heavens builded on cruel
My Spectre still wandering thro' them follows my Emanation
He hunts her footsteps thro' the snow & the wintry hail & rain
The Idiot Reasoner laughs at the Man of Imagination
And from laughter proceeds to murder by undervaluing calumny

Then Hillel who is Lucifer replied over the Couch of Death
And thus the Seven Angels instructed him & thus they converse.

We are not Individuals but States: Combinations of Individuals
We were Angels of the Divine Presence: & were Druids in Annandale
Compelld to combine into Form by Satan. the Spectre of Albion.
Who made himself a God & destroyed the Human Form Divine
But the Divine Humanity & Mercy gave us a Human Form
Because we were combind in Freedom & holy Brotherhood
While those combind by Satans Tyranny first in the blood of War
And Sacrifice & next in Chains of imprisonment: are Shapeless Rocks
Retaining only Satans Mathematic Holiness: Length: Bredth & Highth
Calling the Human Imagination: which is the Divine Vision & Fruition
In which Man liveth eternally: madness & blasphemy. against
Its own Qualities. which are Servants of Humanity. not Gods or Lords
Distinguish therefore States from Individuals in those States.
States change: but Individual Identities never change nor cease:
You cannot go to Eternal Death in that which can never Die.
Satan & Adam are States Created into Twenty-seven Churches
And thou O Milton art a State about to be Created
Called Eternal Annihilation that none but the Living shall
Dare to enter: & they shall enter triumphant over Death
And Hell & the Grave: States that are not. but ah! Seem to be.

Judge then of thy Own Self: thy Eternal Lineaments explore
What is Eternal & what Changeable? & what Annihilable
The Imagination is not a State: it is the Human Existence itself
Affection or Love becomes a State when divided from Imagination
The Memory is a State always. & the Reason is a State
Created to be Annihilated & a new Ratio Created
Whatever can be Created can be Annihilated Forms cannot
The Oak is cut down by the Ax. the Lamb falls by the Knife
But their Forms Eternal Exist. For-ever. Amen Hallelujah

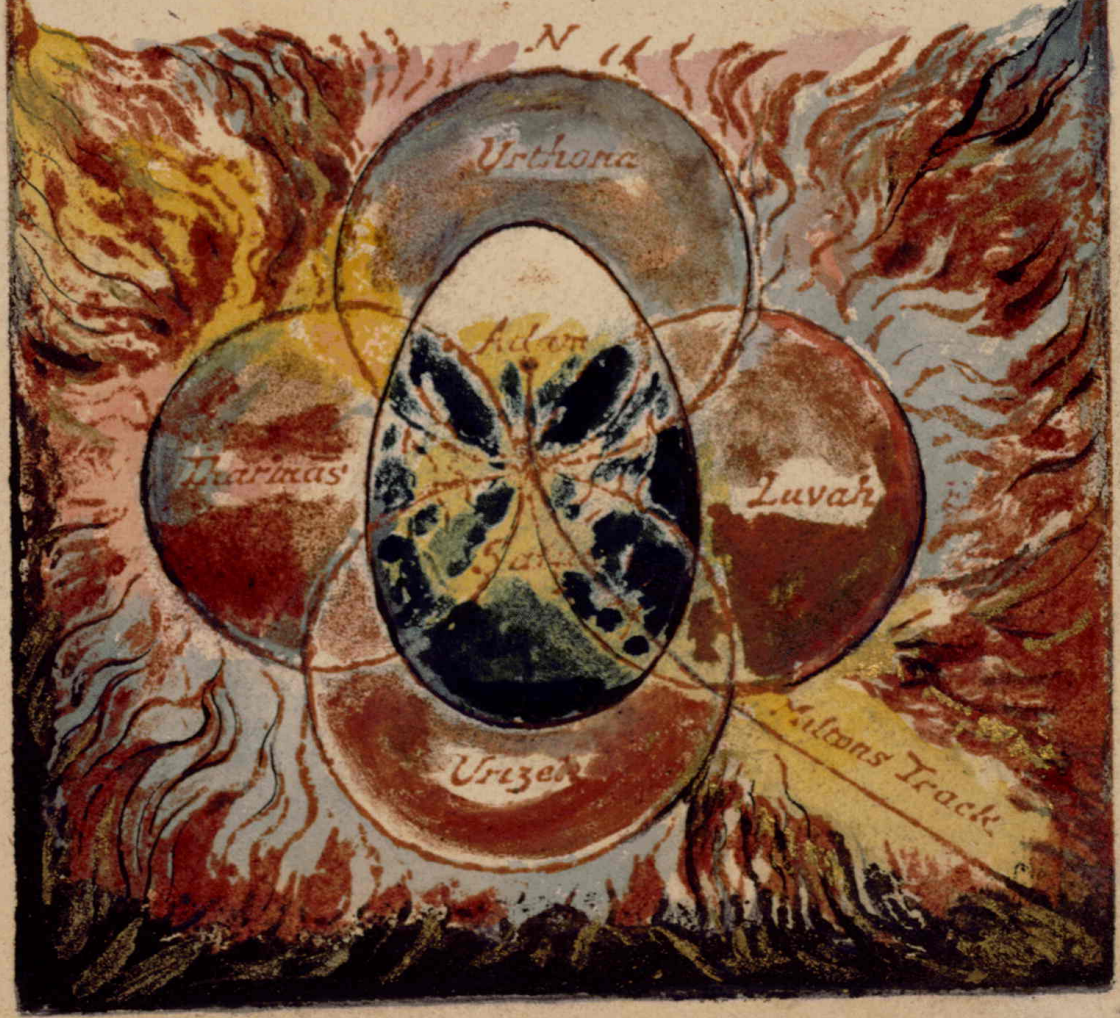
Thus they converse with the Dead watching round the Couch of Death:
For God himself enters Death's Door always with those that enter
And lays down in the Grave with them. in Visions of Eternity
Till they awake & see Jesus & the Linen Clothes lying
That the Females had Woven for them. & the Gates of their Father's House

רבים as multitudes Vox Populi

And the Divine Voice was heard in the Songs of Beulah Saying

When I first Married you, I gave you all my whole Soul
I thought that you would love my loves & joy in my delights
Seeking for pleasures in my pleasures O Daughter of Babylon
Then thou wast lovely, mild & gentle, now thou art terrible
In jealousy & unlovely in my sight, because thou hast cruelly
Cut off my loves in fury till I have no love left for thee
My love depends on him thou lovest & on his dear loves
Depend thy pleasures which thou hast cut off by jealousy
Therefore I shew my Jealousy & set before you Death.
Behold Milton deceived to Redeem the Female Shade
From Death Eternal; such your lot, to be continually Redeemd
By death & misery of those you love & by Annihilation
When the Sixfold Female perceives that Milton annihilates
Himself: that seeing all his loves by her cut off: he leaves
Her also; intirely abstracting himself from Female loves
She shall relent in fear of death; She shall begin to give
Her maidens to her husband: delighting in his delight
And then & then alone begins the happy Female joy
As it is done in Beulah, & thou O Virgin Babylon Mother of Whoredoms!
Shalt bring Jerusalem in thine arms in the night watches: and
No longer turning her a wandering Harlot in the streets
Shalt give her into the arms of her Lord & Husband.

Such are the Songs of Beulah, in the Lamentations of Ololon



ROBERT

And all the Songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes
To comfort Ololons lamentation, for they said
Are you the Fiery Circle that late drove in fury & fire
The Eight Immortal Starry-Ones down into Ulro dark
Rending the Heavens of Beulah with your thunders & lightnings
And can you thus lament & can you pity & forgive?
Is terror changd to pity O wonder of Eternity;

And the Four States of Humanity in its Repose,
Were shewed them. First of Beulah a most pleasant Sleep
On Couches soft, with mild music, tended by Flowers of Beulah
Sweet Female forms, winged, or floating in the air spontaneous
The Second State is Alla & the third State Al-Ulro:
But the Fourth State is dreadful: it is named Or-Ulro:
The First State is in the Head, the Second is in the Heart:
The Third in the Loins & Seminal Vessels & the Fourth
In the Stomach & Intestines terrible, deadly, unutterable
And he whose Gates are opend in those Regions of his Body
Can from those Gates view all these wondrous Imaginations

But Ololon sought the Or-Ulro & its fiery Gates
And the Couches of the Martyrs: & many Daughters of Beulah
Accompany them down to the Ulro with soft melodious tears
A long journey & dark thro Chaos in the track of Miltons course
To where the Contraries of Beulah War beneath Negations Banner

Then view'd from Miltons Track they see the Ulro: a vast Polypus
Of living fibres down into the Sea of Time & Space growing
A self-devouring monstrous Human Death Twenty-seven fold
Within it sit Five Females & the nameless Shadowy Mother
Spinning it from their bowels with songs of amorous delight
And melting cadences that lure the Sleepers of Beulah down
The River Storge (which is Arnon) into the Dead Sea:
Around this Polypus Los continual builds the Mundane Shell

Four Universes round the Universe of Los remain Chaotic
Four intersecting Globes, & the Egg form'd World of Los
In midst: stretching from Zenith to Nadir, in midst of Chaos
One of these Round Universes is to the North named Urthona
One to the South this was the glorious World of Urizen
One to the East, of Luvah: One to the West: of Tharmas.
But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen in the South
All fell towards the Center sinking downward in dire Ruin

Here in these Chaoses the Sons of Ololon took their abode
In Chasms of the Mundane Shell which open on all sides round
Southward & by the East within the Breach of Miltons descent
To watch the time, pitying & gentle to awaken Urizen
They stood in a dark land of death of fiery corroding waters
Where lie in evil death the Four Immortals pale and cold
And the Eternal Man even Albion upon the Rock of Ages
Seeing Miltons Shadow, some Daughters of Beulah trembling
Returnd, but Ololon remaind before the Gates of the Dead

And Ololon looked down into the Heavens of Ulro in fear
They said, How are the Wars of Man which in Great Eternity
Appear around, in the External Spheres of Visionary Life
Here renderd Deadly within the Life & Interior Vision
How are the Beasts & Birds & Fishes, & Plants & Minerals
Here fixd into a frozen bulk subject to decay & death
Those Visions of Human Life & Shadows of Wisdom & Knowledge

Are here frozen to unexpansive deadly destroying terrors
And War & Hunting: the Two Fountains of the River of Life
Are become Fountains of bitter Death & of corroding Hell
Till Brotherhood is changed into a Curse & a Flattery
By Distinctions between Ideas. that Ideas themselves (which are
The Divine Members) may be slain in offerings for sin
O dreadful Loom of Death! O piteous Female forms compelled
To weave the Woof of Death. On Camberwell Turzahs Courts
Malahs on Blackheath, Rahab & Noah. dwell on Windsors heights
Where once the Cherubs of Jerusalem spread to Lambeths Vale
Mikeals Pillars shine from Harrow to Hampstead where Hoglah
On Highgates heights magnificent Weaves, over trembling Thames
To Shooters Hill and thence to Blackheath the dark Woof Loud
Loud roll the Weights & Spindles over the whole Earth let down
On all sides round to the Four Quarters of the World, eastward on
Europe to Euphrates & Hindu. to Nile & back in Clouds
Of Death across the Atlantic to America North & South

So spoke Ololon in reminiscence astonished, but they
Could not behold Golgonooza without passing the Polypus
A wondrous journey not passable by Immortal feet, & more
But the Divine Saviour can pass it without annihilation.
For Golgonooza cannot be seen till having passd the Polypus
It is viewed on all sides round by a four-fold Vision
Or till you become Martial & Vegetable in Sexuality
Then you behold its mighty Spires & Domes of ivory & gold

And Ololon examined all the Couches of the Dead
Even of Los & Enitharmon & all the Sons of Albion
And his Four Zoa terrified & on the verge of Death
In midst of these was Miltons Couch, & when they saw Eight
Immortal Starry-Ones, guarding the Couch in flaming fires
They thunderous uttered all a universal groan falling down
Prostrate before the Starry Eight asking with tears forgiveness
Confessing their crime with humiliation and sorrow.

O how the Starry Eight rejoicd to see Ololon descended:
And now that a wide road was open to Eternity.
By Ololons descent thro Beulah to Los & Enitharmon.
For mighty were the multitudes of Ololon. vast the extent
Of their great sway, reaching from Ulro to Eternity
Surrounding the Mundane Shell outside in its Caverns
And through Beulah, and all silent forbore to contend
With Ololon for they saw the Lord in the Clouds of Ololon

There is a Moment in each Day that Satan cannot find
Nor can his Watch Fiends find it, but the Industrious find
This Moment & it multiply, & when it once is found
It renovates every Moment of the Day if rightly placed
In this Moment Ololon descended to Los & Enitharmon
Unseen beyond the Mundane Shell Southward in Miltons track

Just in this Moment when the morning odours rise abroad
And first from the Wild Thyme, stands a Fountain in a rock
Of crystal flowing into two Streams, one flows thro Golgonooza
And thro Beulah to Eden beneath Los's western Wall
The other flows thro the Aerial Void & all the Churches
Meeting again in Golgonooza beyond Satans Seat

The Wild Thyme is Los's Messenger to Eden, a mighty Demon
Terrible, deadly & poisonous his presence in Ulro dark
Therefore he appears only a small Root creeping in grass
Covering over the Rock of Odours his bright purple mantle
Beside the Fount above the Larks Nest in Golgonooza
Luvah slept here in death & here is Luvahs empty Tomb
Ololon sat beside this Fountain on the Rock of Odours.

Just at the place to where the Lark mounts, is a Crystal Gate
It is the enterance of the First Heaven named Luther: for
The Lark is Loss Messenger thro the Twenty-seven Churches
That the Seven Eyes of God who walk even to Satans Seat
Thro all the Twenty-seven Heavens may not slumber nor sleep
But the Larks Nest is at the Gate of Los, at the eastern
Gate of wide Golgonooza & the Lark is Los's Messenger

When on the highest life of his light pinions he arrives
At that bright Gate, another Lark meets him & back to back
They touch their pinions tip tip: and each descend
To their respective Earths & there all night consult with Angels
Of Providence & with the Eyes of God all night in slumbers
Inspired: & at the dawn of day send out another Lark
Into another Heaven to carry news upon his wings
Thus are the Messengers dispatchd till they reach the Earth again
In the East Gate of Golgonooza, & the Twenty-eighth bright
Lark, met the Female Ololon descending into my Garden
Thus it appears to Mortal eyes & those of the Ulro Heavens
But not thus to Immortals, the Lark is a mighty Angel.

For Ololon stepd into the Polypus within the Mundane Shell
They could not step into Vegetable Worlds without becoming
The enemies of Humanity except in a Female Form
And as One Female, Ololon and all its mighty Hosts
Appeard: a Virgin of twelve years nor time nor space was
To the perception of the Virgin Ololon but as the
Flash of lightning but more quick the Virgin in my Garden
Before my Cottage stood for the Satanic Space is delusion

For when Los joind with me he took me in his fiery whirlwind
My Vegetated portion was hurried from Lambeths Shades
He set me down in Felphams Vale & prepard a beautiful
Cottage for me that in three years I might write all these
Visions
To display Natures cruel holiness: the deceits of Natural
Religion
Walking in my Cottage Garden, sudden I beheld
The Virgin Ololon & addressd her as a Daughter of Beulah
Virgin of Providence fear not to enter into my Cottage
What is thy message to thy friend: what am I now to do
Is it again to plunge into deeper affliction? behold me
Ready to obey, but pity thou my Shadows of Delight
Enter my Cottage, conduct her, for she is sick with fatigue

The Virgin answerd. Knowest thou of Milton who descended
Driven from Eternity: him I seek! terrified at my Act
In Great Eternity which thou knowest: I come him to seek

So Ololon uttered in words distinct the anxious thought
Mild was the voice, but more distinct than any earthly
That Miltons Shadow heard &, condensing all his Fibres
Into a strength impregnable of majesty & beauty infinite
I saw he was the Covering Cherub & Within him Satan
And Rahab, in an outside which is fallacious; within
Beyond the outline of Identity, in the Selfhood deadly
And he appeard the Wicker Man of Scandinavia in whom
Jerusalems children consume in flames among the Stacks

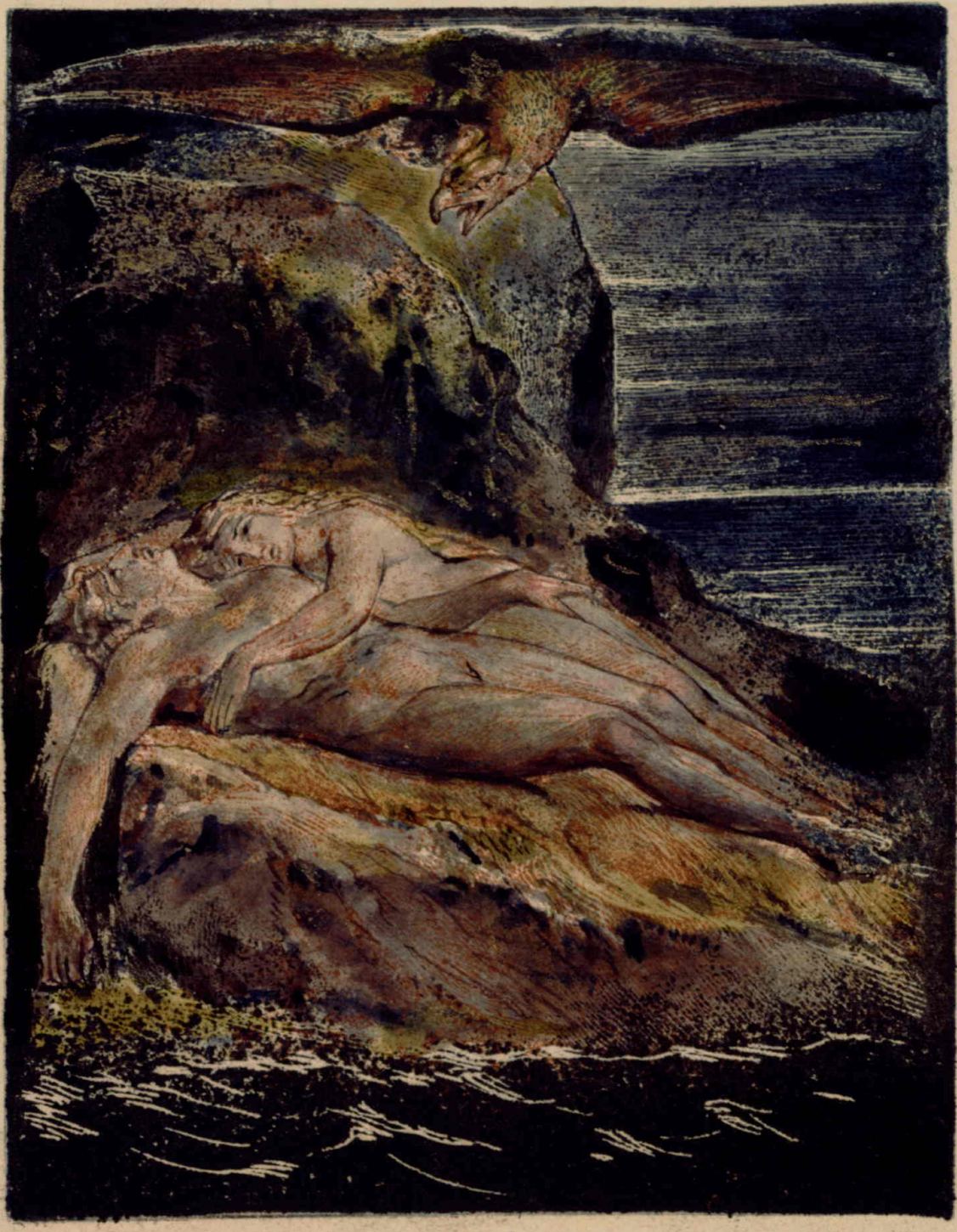
Descending down into my Garden, a Human Wonder of God
Reaching from heaven to earth a Cloud & Human Form
I beheld Milton with astonishment & in him beheld
The Monstrous Churches of Beulah, the Gods of Ulro dark
Twelve monstrous dishumanized terrors, Synagogues of Satan.
A Double Twelve & Thrice Nine: such their divisions.

And these their Names & their Places within the Mundane Shell
In Tyre & Sidon I saw Baal & Ashtaroth. In Moab Chemosh
In Ammon, Molech: loud his Furnaces rage among the Wheels
Of Og. & pealing loud the cries of the Victims of Fire:
And pale his Priestesses unfolded in Veils of Pestilence, bordered
With War: Woven in Looms of Tyre & Sidon by beautiful Ashtaroth.
In Palestine Dagon, Sea Monster: worshipd o'er the Sea.
Thammuz in Lebanon & Rimmon in Damascus curtaind
Osiris: Isis: Orus: in Egypt: dark their Tabernacles on Nile
Floating with solemn songs, & on the Lakes of Egypt nightly
With pomp, even till morning break & Osiris appear in the sky
But Belial of Sodom & Gomorrha, obscure Demon of Bribes
And secret Assasinations, not worshipd nor adord: but
With the finger on the lips & the back turnd to the light
And Saturn Joye & Rhea of the Isles of the Sea remote
These Twelve Gods, are the Twelve Spectre Sons of the Druid Albion

And these the Names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,
Methuselah, Lamech: these are Giants in stature Hermaphroditic
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the second, Salah, Heber,
Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah, these are the Female-Males
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine
Luther, these seven are the Male-Females: the Dragon Forms
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot

All these are seen in Miltons Shadow who is the Covering Cherub
The Spectre of Albion in which the Spectre of Luvah inhabits
In the Newtonian Voids between the Substances of Creation

For the Chaotic Voids outside of the Stars are measured by
The Stars, which are the boundaries of Kingdoms, Provinces
And Empires of Chaos invisible to the Vegetable Man
The Kingdom of Og, is in Orion: Sihon is in Ophiucus
Og has Twenty-Seven Districts: Sihons Districts Twenty-one
From Star to Star, Mountains & Valleys, terrible dimension
Stretchd out, compose the Mundane Shell, a mighty Incrustation
Of Forty-eight deformed Human Wonders of the Almighty
With Caverns whose remotest bottoms meet again beyond
The Mundane Shell in Golgonooza, but the Fires of Los, rage
In the remotest bottoms of the Caves, that none can pass
Into Eternity that way, but all descend to Los
To Bowlahoola & Allamanda & to Entuthon Benython.
The Heavens are the Cherub, the Twelve Gods are Satan



And the Forty-eight Starry Regions are Cities of the Leaves
The Heads of the Great Polypus. Four-fold twelve enormity
In mighty & mysterious combining enemy with enemy
Woven by Urizen into Sexes from his mantle of years
And Milton collecting all his fibres into impregnable strength
Descended down a Paved work of all kinds of precious stones
East from the eastern sky: descending down into my Cottage
Garden: clothed in black, severe & silent he descended.

The Spectre of Satan stood upon the roaring sea & beheld
Milton within his sleeping Humanity: trembling & shuddering
He stood upon the waves a Twenty-seven-fold mighty Demon
Gorgeous & beautiful: loud roll his thunders against Milton.
Loud Satan thunder'd, loud & dark upon mild Felpham's shore
Not daring to touch one fibre he howld round upon the Sea.

I also stood in Satans bosom & beheld its desolations:
A ruind Man: a ruind building of God not made with hands:
Its plains of burning sand, its mountains of marble terrible:
Its pits & declivities flowing with molten ore & fountains
Of pitch & nitre: its ruind palaces & cities & mighty works:
Its furnaces of affliction in which his Angels & Emanations
Labour with blackend visages among its stupendous ruins
Arches & pyramids & porches colonades & domes:
In which dwells Mystery Babylon. here is her secret place
From hence she comes forth on the Churches in delight
Here is her Cup filld with its poisons. in these horrid vales
And here her scarlet Veil woven in pestilence & war:
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains, in the Dens of Babylon

In the Eastern porch of Satans Universe Milton stood & said
Satan! my Spectre, I know my power thee to annihilate
And be a greater in thy place. & be thy Tabernacle
A covering for thee to do thy will, till one greater comes
And smites me as I smote thee & becomes my covering
Such are the Laws of thy false Heavns: but Laws of Eternity
Are not such: know thou: I come to Self Annihilation
Such are the Laws of Eternity that each shall mutually
Annihilate himself for others good. as I for thee
Thy purpose & the purpose of thy Priests & of thy Churches
Is to impress on men the fear of death: to teach
Trembling & fear, terror, constriction: abject selfishness
Mine is to teach Men to despise death & to go on
In fearless majesty annihilating Self. Laughing to scorn
Thy Laws & terrors shaking down thy Synagogues as webs
I come to discover before Heavn & Hell the Self-righteousness
In all its Hypocritic turpitude. opening to every eye
These wonders of Satans holiness shewing to the Earth
The Idol Virtues of the Natural Heart, & Satans Seat
Explore in all its Selfish Natural Virtue & put off
In Self annihilation all that is not of God alone:
To put off Self & all I have ever & ever Amen

Satan heard! coming in a cloud with trumpets & flaming fire
Saying I am God the judge of all. the living & the dead
Fall therefore down & worship me. submit thy supreme
Dictate, to my Eternal Will & to my dictate bow
I hold the Balances of Right & Just & mine the Sword
Seven Angels bear my Name & in those Seven I appear
But I alone am God & I alone in Heaven & Earth
Of all that live dare utter this, others tremble & bow

Till All Things became One Great Satan: in Holiness
Opposed to Mercy. and the Divine Delusion Jesus be no more

Suddenly around Milton on my Path, the Starry Seven
Burnd terrible: my Path became a solid fire, as bright
As the clear Sun & Milton silent came down on my Path.
And there went forth from the Starry limbs of the Seven: Forms
Human; with Trumpets innumerable, sounding articulate
As the Seven spake: and they stood in a mighty Column of Fire
Surrounding Felphams Vale, reaching to the Mundane Shell. Saying

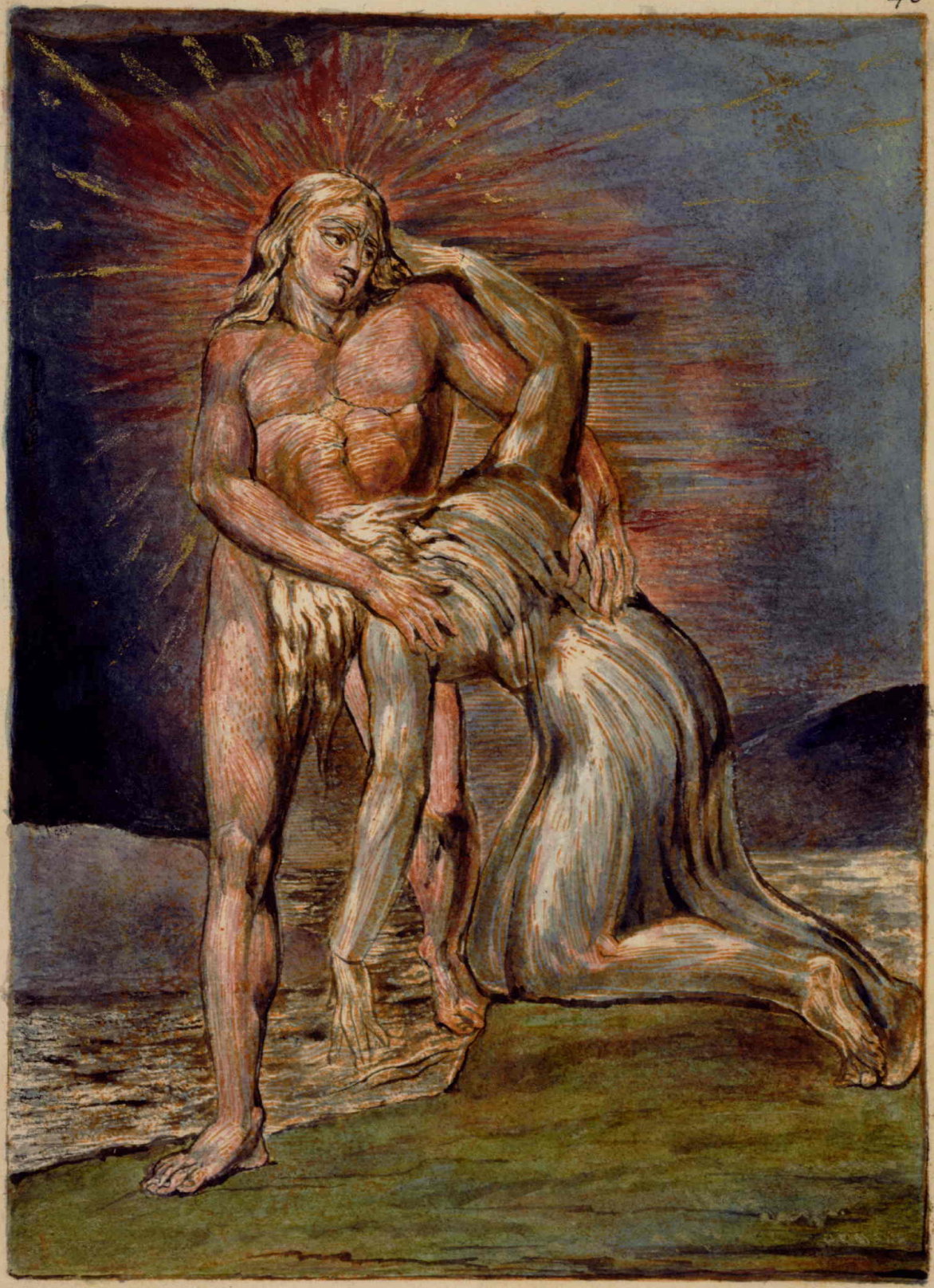
Awake Albion awake! reclaim thy Reasoning Spectre. Subdue
Him to the Divine Mercy. Cast him down into the Lake
Of Los, that ever burneth with Fire, ever & ever Amen!
Let the Four Zoas awake from Slumbers of Six Thousand Years

Then loud the Furnaces of Los were heard, & seen as Seven Heavens
Stretching from south to north over the mountains of Albion

Satan heard; trembling round his Body, he incircled it
He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment
Howling in his Spectre round his Body hungring to devour
But fearing for the pain for if he touches a Vital,
His torment is unendurable: therefore he cannot devour:
But howls round it as a lion round his prey continually
Loud Satan thunderd, loud & dark upon mild Felphams Shore
Coming in a Cloud with Trumpets & with Fiery Flame
An awful Form eastward from midst of a bright Paved-work
Of precious stones by Cherubim surrounded: so permitted
(Lest he should fall apart in his Eternal Death) to imitate
The Eternal Great Humanity Divine surrounded by
His Cherubim & Seraphim in ever happy Eternity
Beneath sat Chaos: Sun on his right hand Death on his left
And Ancient Night spread over all the heavn his Mantle of Laws
He trembled with exceeding great trembling & astonishment

Then Albion rose up in the Night of Beulah on his Couch
Of dread repose seen by the visionary eye: his face is toward
The east, toward Jerusalems Gates: groaning he sat above
His rocks. London & Bath & Legions & Edinburgh
Are the four pillars of his Throne: his left foot near London
Covers the shades of Tyburn: his vast step from Windsor
To Primrose Hill stretching to Highgate & Holloway
London is between his knees: its basements fourfold
His right foot stretches to the sea on Dover cliffs, his heel
On Canterburys ruins: his right hand covers lofty Wales
His left Scotland: his bosom girt with gold involves
York, Edinburgh, Durham & Carlisle, & on the front
Bath, Oxford, Cambridge Norwich: his right elbow
Leans on the Rocks of Erins Land. Ireland ancient nation
His head bends over London: he sees his embodied Spectre
Trembling before him with exceeding great trembling & fear
He views Jerusalem & Babylon, his tears flow down
He moved his right foot to Cornwall, his left to the Rocks of Bognor
He strove to rise to walk into the Deep, but strength failing
Forbad & down with dreadful groans he sunk upon his Couch
In mossy Beulah. Los his strong Guard walks round beneath the Moon

Urizen faints in terror striving among the Brooks of Arnon
With Miltons Spirit: as the Plowman or Artificer or Shepherd
While in the labours of his Calling sends his Thought abroad
To labour in the ocean or in the starry heaven. So Milton
Labourd in Chasms of the Mundane Shell, tho here before
My Cottage midst the Starry Seven, where the Virgin Ololan
Stood trembling in the Porch: loud Satan thunderd on the stormy Sea
Circling Albions Cliffs in which the Four-fold World resides
The seen in fallacy outside: a fallacy of Satans Churches



Before Ololon Milton stood & percieyd the Eternal Form
Of that mild Vision: wondrous were their acts by me unknown
Except remotely: and I heard Ololon say to Milton

I see thee strive upon the Brooks of Arnon. there a dread
And awful Man I see. overcoverd with the mantle of years.
I behold Los & Urizen. I behold Orc & Tharmas!
The Four Zoa's of Albion & thy Spirit with them striving
In Self annihilation giving thy life to thy enemies
Are those who contemn Religion & seek to annihilate it
Become in their feminine portions. the causes & promoters
Of these Religions, how is this thing: this Newtonian Phantasm
Thus Voltaire & Rousseau: thus Hume & Gibbon & Bolingbroke
Thus Natural Religion! thus impossible absurdity
Is Ololon the cause of this! O where shall I hide my face
These tears fall for the little-ones: the Children of Jerusalem
Lest they be annihilated in thy annihilation.

No sooner she had spoke but Rahab Babylon appeard
Eastward upon the Paved work across Europe & Asia
Glorious as the midday Sun in Satans bosom glowing:
A Female hidden in a Male. Religion hidden in War
Namd Moral Virtue: cruel two-fold Monster shining bright
A Dragon red & hidden Harlot which John in Patmos saw

And all beneath the Nations innumerable of Ulro
Appeard. the Seven Kingdoms of Canaan & Five Baalim
Of Philistea. with Twelve divided. call'd after the Names
Of Israel: as they are in Eden. Mountain River & Plain
City & sandy Desart intermingled beyond mortal ken

But turning toward Ololon in terrible majesty Milton
Replied. Obey thou the Words of the Inspired Man
All that can be ann be annihilated must be annihilated
That the Children of Jerusalem may be saved from slavery
There is a Negation, & there is a Contrary
The Negation must be destroyd to redeem the Contraries
The Negation is the Spectre; the Reasoning Power in Man
This is a false Body: an Incrustation over my Immortal
Spirit; a Selfhood. which must be put off & annihilated alway
To cleanse the Face of my Spirit by Self-examination.

To bathe in the Waters of Life: to wash off the Not Human
I come in Self-annihilation & the grandeur of Inspiration
To cast off Rational Demonstration by Faith in the Saviour
To cast off the rotten rags of Memory by Inspiration
To cast off Bacon, Locke & Newton from Albions covering
To take off his filthy garments, & clothe him with Imagination
To cast aside from Poetry, all that is not Inspiration
That it no longer shall dare to mock with the aspersion of Madness
Cast on the Inspired, by the tame high finisher of paltry Blots,
Indefinite, or paltry Rhymes; or paltry Harmonies.
Who creeps into State Government like a caterpillar to destroy
To cast off the idiot Questioner who is always questioning,
But never capable of answering: who sits with a sly grin
Silent plotting when to question, like a thief in a cave:
Who publishes doubt & calls it knowledge: whose Science is Despair
Whose pretence to knowledge is Envy: whose whole Science is
To destroy the Wisdom of ages to gratify ravenous Envy.
That rages round him like a Wolf day & night without rest
He smiles with condescension: he talks of Benevolence & Virtue
And those who act with Benevolence & Virtue, they murder time on them
These are the destroyers of Jerusalem, these are the murderers
Of Jesus, who deny the Faith & mock at Eternal Life:
Who pretend to Poetry that they may destroy Imagination:
By imitation of Natures Images drawn from Remembrance
These are the Sexual Garments, the Abomination of Desolation
Hiding the Human Lineaments as with an Ark & Curtains
Which Jesus rent: & now shall wholly purge away with Fire
Till Generation is swallowd up in Regeneration.

Then trembled the Virgin Oolon & replyd in clouds of despair
Is this our Female Portion the Six-fold Miltonic Female
Terribly this Portion trembles before thee O awful Man
Altho' our Human Power can sustain the severe contentions
Of Friendship, our Sexual cannot: but flies into the Ulro.
Hence arose all our terrors in Eternity: & now remembrance
Returns upon us! are we Contraries O Milton, Thou & I
O Immortal, how were we led to War the Wars of Death
Is this the Void Outside of Existence, which if entered into

Becomes a Womb? & is this the Death Couch of Albion
Thou goest to Eternal Death & all must go with thee!

So saying, the Virgin divided Six-fold & with a shriek
Dolorous that ran thro all Creation a Double Six-fold Wonder:
Away from Ololon she divided & fled into the depths
Of Miltons Shadow as a Dove upon the stormy Sea.

Then as a Moony Ark Ololon descended to Felphams Vale
In clouds of blood, in streams of gore, with dreadful thunderings
Into the Fires of Intellect that rejoicd in Felphams Vale
Around the Starry Eight: with one accord the Starry Eight became
One Man Jesus the Saviour, wonderful: round his limbs
The Clouds of Ololon folded as a Garment dipped in blood
Written within & without in woven letters: & the Writing
Is the Divine Revelation in the Litteral expression:
A Garment of War. I heard it named the Woof of Six Thousand Years.

And I beheld the Twenty-four Cities of Albion
Arise upon their Thrones to Judge the Nations of the Earth
And the Immortal Four in whom the Twenty-four appear Four-fold
Arose around Albions body: Jesus wept & walked forth
From Felphams Vale clothed in Clouds of blood, to enter into
Albions Bosom, the bosom of death, & the Four surrounded him
In the Column of Fire in Felphams Vale: then to their mouths the Four
Applied their Four Trumpets & them sounded to the Four winds

Terror struck in the Vale I stood at that immortal sound
My bones trembled. I fell outstretchd upon the path
A moment, & my Soul returnd into its mortal state
To Resurrection & Judgment in the Vegetable Body
And my sweet Shadow of Delight stood trembling by my side

Immediately the Lark mounted with a loud trill from Felphams Vale
And the Wild Thyme from Wimbletons green & imburpled Hills
And Los & Enitharmon rose over the Hills of Surrey
Their clouds roll over London with a south wind, soft Odhoon
Pants in the Vales of Lambeth weeping over her Human Harvest
Los listens to the Cry of the Poor Man: his Cloud
Over London in volume terrific, low bended in anger.

Rintrah & Palamabron view the Human Harvest: beneath
Their Wine-presses & Barns stand open: the Ovens are prepar
The Waggons ready: terrific Lions & Tygers sport & play
All Animals upon the Earth, are prepard in all their strength

To go forth to the Great Harvest & Vintage
of the Nations
Finis